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The Microphone at the Parish Pump

IT is no surprise that the Governors of the B.B.C. have taken the unusual step of proclaiming their opposition to two of the proposals contained in the White Paper on broadcasting. By intervening publicly just before the debate in the House of Commons on Thursday, they at least made sure that every M.P. was aware of the grave issues involved.

We are not particularly concerned about the financial side of the dispute between the Governors and the Cabinet. Mr. Gordon Walker may plausibly argue that so long as rearmament continues, non-essential capital investment must be postponed; and the B.B.C., even if it kept all its receipts from listeners, would not be permitted to spend them. What concerns us more is the extraordinary proposal that the control of regional broadcasting in Wales and Scotland should be placed in the hands of councillors drawn from the Local Authorities. In defending this proposal, Mr. Gordon Walker was doubly embarrassed. Obviously he had no personal liking for it, and he could not state publicly the real reasons which actuated his colleagues in pushing it through.

The special treatment of the "National" regions, as distinguished from the "English" regions, is due to the peculiar problems of one country, Wales. For some years the unfortunate Regional Controller in Cardiff has been coping with an awkward advisory committee on which Welsh nationalism is strongly represented. When the Beveridge Committee recommended some regional devolution the pressure groups in Wales got busy, and the Cabinet convinced itself that the nationalists, whose chief strength is in professional and artistic circles, would muscle in on any nominated council, and plunge Welsh broadcasting into a Celtic twilight which the mass of Welsh listeners certainly do not enjoy. It was to meet this danger that the Cabinet proposed a council selected from the Local Authorities. English-speaking Wales would thus get a fair representation.

It may well be that this devious device would have the effect desired by the Cabinet. But this advantage is far outweighed by the evils it brings with it, and the precedent it would set for other experiments in regional devolution. Patronage in appointments is an evil which some Welsh Local Authorities at least have found it hard to extirpate, and the proposal that twenty-five municipal politicians should control appointments to the Welsh and Scottish regional staff can only have one consequence. We are not in the least afraid that a Labour majority on the Welsh council or a Conservative majority on the Scottish council would capture the talks department and use it for party political means. Local councillors are not by and large ardent crusaders for spacious political ideas, and the danger is not too much politics in regional broadcasting but too many politicians, who would be chiefly concerned to placate local pressure groups in the planning of programmes and the appointment of personnel. A broadcasting station can be run no more successfully by a committee of politicians than a newspaper. Twenty-five M.P.s, however carefully selected, would not improve the quality of the Light Programme if they were given detailed control of it; and recent experience has taught us what to expect if twenty-five London County Councillors were put in charge of deciding what symphony orchestras should go on the air. Twenty-five councillors in Wales or Scotland cannot be expected to do better.

This, in fact, is an outrageous proposal. By its readiness to sacrifice the basic principle of British broadcasting, in order to execute a manoeuvre in Welsh politics, the Cabinet reveals a quite frivolous disregard for the health of one of our most successful public corporations. Mr. Attlee should think again. There are many possible ways of strengthening regional advisory committees and decentralising programme planning without submitting broadcasting to the petty intrigues of the parish pump.

Partners with Germany and Spain

There is only one lesson to be drawn from the impatient renewal of American pressure for West German rearmament (up to an initial 250,000 men), and from Admiral Sherman's bid for naval and air bases in Spain. This is that Washington has evidently decided to make no substantial modifications in its military plans in deference to its allies. No matter how hateful and how morally weakening the rearmament of Western Germany and the military partnership of Franco Spain may be to the British, French, and other European peoples, Washington is to press on with its achievement. Mr. McCloy, never famous for his tact, is now reported to have told a conference of American officials in Germany that his Government is contemplating Germany's inclusion in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. "If Germany does join in the Atlantic Army," he appears to have said: "the United States plans an honourable role for her, with no discrimination." It is some witness

to the extreme difficulty which the Americans are meeting in making their plans for rearmament popular in Western Germany that Mr. McCloy should need to resort to such bribes and blandishments. That these should be acutely distasteful to America's allies does not seem to worry Mr. McCloy: after all, these allies are already "in the bag."

Admiral Sherman's visit to Spain comes in a different category. What is now proposed, it seems, is a separate alliance between the United States and Spain. This would enable the Americans to complete their systems of "rear bases" in the Western Mediterranean and along the North Atlantic coastline, and thus ensure supplies to their "forward" or fighting bases in Western Germany, Austria, Italy, and the Eastern Mediterranean. This strategic decision seems not to be affected by the fact that both the French and the British Governments have told Washington that they object to closer association with Franco—mainly on the ground that it would damage democratic morale. This consideration, however, has not prevented Mr. Morrison from endorsing the idea of including Greece and Turkey in the Atlantic Pact.

The Widening Trade Gap

The concern which Mr. Gaitskell lately expressed about the balance of payments seems amply justified by the import-export figures for the first half of 1951. Last month the visible trade gap rose to over £150m., and for the first half of the year the total import excess was £555m., or nearly twice the gap for the whole of 1950. It has, of course, to be remembered that these figures overstate the real deficit: they exclude freight receipts and other invisible exports. Nevertheless, with loss of earnings from Persian oil an added complicating factor, the trend is sufficiently serious to give the Chancellor pause. Moreover, even if a resumption of American stockpiling in the autumn improved the overall payments position of the sterling area, this country would lose on the roundabouts of worsened terms of trade what it stood to gain on the swings of Colonial sales of raw materials.

The Government is thus in an awkward dilemma. Rearmament stands in the way of any very substantial increase in exports; hence, unless a much bigger payments deficit is to be accepted than was contemplated in the *Economic Survey*, there will presumably have to be further drastic restrictions on imports. If these are directed exclusively against home consumption, the present price inflation will be accentuated by growing shortages. The only alternative is to scale down the rearmament programme—at the cost of embarrassing criticism.

American Arms and Prices

There seems to be a widespread fear, especially on the part of the Pentagon, that a Korean truce would release a popular reaction against the scale of rearmament, and discussion of possible peace terms has been as much coloured by this fear as by the political problems that negotiations may raise. In the year since the outbreak of fighting in Korea evoked large-scale arms spending in the U.S., armaments to the tune of $42 billions have been ordered. Deliveries have been delayed, but these are now running at $1.2 billion a month and are expected to reach a monthly rate of $4 billions by next year. If war appears less imminent, it is thought, the American public may be less inclined to bear this burden, the more so since the full inflationary effects of this arms programme will not be felt before the end of this year.

In the meantime, to public and Congress alike, inflation seems more distant than it did in the Winter and the Spring. Commodity prices that jumped more than twenty per cent. in the last six months of 1950 have not risen more than three per cent. in the first two quarters of 1951. In some lines there are temporary surpluses, and there have been price reductions on certain products apart from the department-store price war a few weeks ago. This situation has made Congress reluctant to agree to Mr. Truman's request for a renewal of the price-controls which expired last week. It has given a temporary concession of one month, though it has deleted the power of rolling back prices to pre-inflation levels—an authority much resented by the producers concerned. The business lobbies are now pressing hard for a bonfire of controls, despite the comparative success of those imposed a few months ago. The Administration wants to keep a controlled armament economy: its opponents want "Security Through Strength" *and* "Business as Usual."

Seretse and Tshekhedi

Tribal unrest among the Bamangwato in Bechuanaland during the last few days is a salutary reminder that the dispute over Tshekhedi was originally a dispute over his nephew, Seretse. It is now abundantly clear that the Commonwealth Relations Office will not be able to settle the first, and lesser, of these disputes without also settling the second, and greater, of them. Seretse's supporters, it is said, have decided to boycott the promised *kgotla* which was to decide on Tshekhedi's future, and this for the simple and adequate reason that they want their Paramount Chief, Seretse, to be present. There is only one way out of this tangle for Mr. Gordon Walker; and that is send Seretse and Tshekhedi back together, on an understanding—which would not be difficult to obtain—that they will act together and make peace between themselves and among their own tribesmen. This solution, it is true, would involve the British Government in the recognition as Paramount Chief of the Bamangwato of a man who is married to a white woman. It would involve, that is, a decision to cut straight through the mass of racial prejudice in this affair.

Unhappily for the reputation of the Labour Government in Africa, it is precisely this course that Mr. Gordon Walker refuses to follow. Seretse has now revealed that his latest request to the Minister to be allowed to return to the Bamangwato Reserve has met with another blank refusal. The Government's surrender to racial prejudice in the Union becomes blatant in this issue. It cannot fail of lamentable consequences, both by encouraging the South African Government to believe that it can always force its own wishes in the High Commission Territories, and by discouraging the Africans of those Territories from their confidence in the protective intentions of the Imperial Government.

India's Long-term Plan

It will be deplorable if the growing political tension between India and Pakistan—with mutual accusations of aggressive intentions and troop movements—diverts attention from the paramount need for economic development in the sub-continent. The Indian National Planning Commission's first Five-Year Plan brings out very clearly the immensity of the problems facing India. The root problem is the exceedingly rapid increase of population, which involves continual planning to prevent endemic famine. The Commission shows that, for the next few years, even apart from harvest failures, India must import about three million tons of foodgrains a year. What resources India can spare for capital development will have to go mainly not to industry but to land improvements, including mixed irrigation and power schemes, and to transport projects which will make it easier to move food supplies.

The Commission discusses the possible means of raising agricultural productivity. It rejects land nationalisation and comes down on the side of co-operative methods, including both farmers' marketing and purchasing societies and village collectors responsible for the entire village area. The Commission also recognises the need for a rapid spread of "family planning" and recommends Government action to extend advice services in this connection. The Plan is divided into two parts: the first, directed entirely to immediate measures for increasing supplies of food and of consumers' goods, is recommended for execution "at all costs"; the second, which is concerned with longer-term developments, is made conditional on the availability of external help. The Commission's proposals for encouraging birth control will rouse keen controversy in the country: for the rest, the Plan is mainly a matter of sheer necessities arising out of the recurrent threat of famine—which good emergency organisation and larger imports of cereals now appear to have averted for this year.

Battle for Steel

The announcement last week-end of the "Concordat" between the publicly owned Iron and Steel Corporation and the British Iron and Steel Federation marks the end of another round in their long battle for control of the industry. The announcement, which is as vague and uninformative as most war communiqués, refers to a joint memorandum, which has not been published. It is officially stated to set out clearly "the acceptance by the Federation of the Corporation's responsibilities and in particular the Corporation's ultimate responsibility in respect of the publicly owned companies for collective purchasing, distribution and finance of raw materials. . . ." It is also announced that the Corporation has agreed that the "comprehensive and integrated organisation" of the Federation shall continue "in its entirety" for the present in order to avoid the duplication of staffs. Nothing is said about the real issue, which is the right of the Corporation to appoint members

to the Finance and Executive Committees and the Council of the Federation. It is safe to assume that no agreement has been reached on this. The "Concordat," therefore, may be expected to signal the beginning of smoother relations between the leaders of the two bodies and to represent some gain to the Corporation in its influence over the general policy and expenditure of the Federation, particularly in the procurement of raw materials. In so far as it leaves unresolved the struggle for power, it is an agreement to disagree and to postpone the showdown. Neither side is likely to take a further initiative while an autumn election remains in the offing; and, since it has always been the Federation's strategy to play for time, this round amounts on balance to a minor setback for those who are seeking to establish the effective supremacy of the Corporation.

Unesco in Conference

Our Paris correspondent writes: Ignored by practically the whole of the French Press, this year's General Conference of Unesco has emphasised the difficulties created by the very fact that it now represents only half the world. As Shri Azad, head of the Indian delegation, observed: "Unesco must decide whether it will reflect the political divisions existing in the U.N. or try to develop into an instrument of understanding, irrespective of political differences." Unfortunately these "divisions" were emphasised by the motion granting voting rights to Chiang Kai-shek's China; and there was also criticism of the admission of Western Germany, Japan, and a representative of Bao Dai. The British delegate's welcome for Germany as the representative of "Leibnitz, Goethe and Beethoven" evoked embarrassed chuckling.

It must be recorded, however, that the Conference spent relatively little time on pious generalities, but got down to some important programme projects, particularly in Fundamental Education and technical assistance in underdeveloped regions. General agreement was reached on giving top priority to "liberation from ignorance," as illustrated by the 12-year plan to establish six centres for the large-scale training of Fundamental Education teachers. Two of these centres are to be set up in the Far East, and one each in Equatorial Africa, India and the Middle East. Their purpose is to train in the field thousands of local teachers equipped "not only to combat illiteracy but also to develop a broader understanding of moral rights and a greater material participation in economic and social progress."

A variety of other Unesco activities, some real, others still in the future, were discussed, such as the despatch to Israel of experts who, together with the Israeli Government, would study the possible development of arid zones.

Similarly, seismologists are to be sent to Turkey and other earthquake-stricken countries for technical advice. Altogether, in the last year, despite a smaller budget (in terms of costs), Unesco has developed appreciably as a centre of liaison for social and scientific research.

Perhaps the most topical of all the subjects handled by Unesco was newsprint. A French and Belgian resolution was adopted appealing for "greater production and more equitable distribution of newsprint." Mr. Singh, an Indian delegate, said that many newspapers had already disappeared in his country as a result of the shortage and high cost of newsprint, and that this shortage had also impaired all efforts to tackle the vast problem of India's 300 million illiterates. The American delegate tried to plead not guilty, adding that it would be unfortunate if Unesco shot its neck out unduly, and "duplicated the steps already taken by the International Raw Materials Conference." In short, what Unesco expressed was no more than a pious hope; but it needed expressing, all the same.

Half Measures in Malaya

A correspondent in Singapore writes: If any political stability is to be achieved in Malaya, the status of the peasants, smallholders and fishermen who form the bulk of the Malay population must be raised so as to give them genuine economic partnership, on equal terms, with the Chinese dealers, shopkeepers and bankers, who will otherwise dominate the country. The creation last year of the Rural and Industrial Development Authority was professedly an attempt to tackle this problem: it was to modernise village life, promote co-operative marketing, and give financial assistance to village industries. Unhappily, the Authority remains, after a year, little more than a blue-print: out of an allocation of 5m. dollars for the first twelve months, less than 400,000 dollars have been spent—mainly on administration.

Why this faltering start? One reason is the over-complicated federal structure of Malaya: every project put up centrally has to be approved by the State concerned, and *vice versa*. The second, and more important, reason is the Government's failure to tackle the problem of marketing. There are about 400,000 rubber smallholders in Malaya; 80 per cent. of their trees need replanting; and, when the present boom is over, they will revert to marginal conditions, selling at "knock-down" prices to the Chinese dealers, unless co-operative marketing is established. The Development Authority in Johore recently organised latex-collecting stations, but these are failing because the big Chinese and European exporters are disinclined to become customers of potential rivals to the large estates. There is a clear case for a Government export organisation on the lines of the Burmese Marketing Board or the Siamese Rice Office; but the Government still seems to cling to the delusion that European trading houses will do the job.

So far, the Development Authority's activities have been largely confined to hiring a few tractors to paddy farmers, and financing one producers' co-operative. Nothing has yet come of a reported project to build a rubber factory to serve Johore smallholdings; and the suspicion is growing among the Malays that British policy is to confine the Malay cultivator to paddy, lest he compete with the lucrative British rubber estates.

Dato Onn, the Malay political leader, who is chairman of the Authority, has persuaded the Government to create Village Development Boards, assisted and advised by a hundred full-time Rural Development Officers. In this sphere, if it acts vigorously, the Authority may do something to re-awaken a sense of village self-government among the rural Malays. But improved public services in the villages and the encouragement of a community spirit will not be enough: the economic plight of the smallholders will remain. Little will come of the work of the Authority if it is content to become a loosely organised "uplift" council, distributing funds to other Government departments for approved use. If it is to fulfill its promise, it will have to establish its own independent trading corporations and, possibly, light industrial enterprises, for rural Malaya.

PARLIAMENT: Delicacy in Defeat

Wednesday.

Odd things have happened this week in Westminster. On Monday, the Tories might have dismissed the Government and didn't. Good planners all, at 2.30 p.m. the Government Whips awoke to the possibility that the Opposition might carry one of their objecting clauses in the Forestry Bill to a division: they sent out urgent advices to their supporters. In vain, for some of them were in Scotland and some in Wales, and some already on their way in trains that were bound to arrive too late. For at 8.40 p.m. the threatened division broke and the Government was defeated by three votes. Immediately, "Rab" Butler moved the adjournment of discussion on further clauses "in view of the Government's defeat," on a Bill which he immediately elevated from a largely non-party measure to "one of major importance in the Government's legislative programme." Chuter Ede, following the famous precedent of the wartime clause on Equal Pay, reminded the Committee that the House might be asked to eat its words at a later stage.

Whereupon the House's oldest and oddest Member sprang into the deadlock. Earl Winterton is in himself the incarnation of the inconsistencies of the British way of life. Father of the House and lankiest of its figures, he is at the same time irascible and amiable, the Commons' most impartial partisan, and the most Conservative protector of its privileges, and its greatest constitutional contradiction—an enfranchised peer. Speaking in the Tory interest disinterestedly as "Father of the House," Lord Winterton declared passionately, with supreme disregard of fact, that it was without precedent for a Government, on defeat in Committee on such a Bill, not to give up further discussion on it. He demanded irately, therefore, that the Opposition should force the Government to capitulate. Mr. Butler called a division and a few minutes later called it off.

The rest of the night, Members discussed in the lobbies the reason why. Constitutional sea-lawyers pointed out over the teacups that, with the Government caught in the minority, the Opposition could quickly have defeated them three times in succession—on the clause, then by stopping further discussion on the Bill *qua* Lord Winterton, and finally stopping all further Government business by forcing the adjournment of the House. The Government, they argued, could hardly survive such a series of defeat. Why, then, did Butler desist? *Quot homines, tot sententiae.* Most popular explanation was that such sudden self-restraint proved conclusively that a deeply divided Tory Party did not want an election just now either. Most cynical, that it would not be cricket to bowl against the Minister of Agriculture.

Surrounded by traps, domestic and foreign, the Government is learning like Agag to walk delicately, with Mr. Morrison in the lead. On the question of the search of a British ship by an Egyptian boarding party, the Foreign Secretary would not be drawn by Mr. Eden on a subject of delicate discussion. Nor by Duncan Sandys on Mr. Harriman's mission to Persia. For that, said Mr. Morrison, is "a delicate mission." As with the leader, so with the follower. For to the lined-up queries of the Left on German rearmament, the Foreign Under-secretary countered that, pending Three Power discussion on the Paris proposals for a European army, it would be indelicate to go into details. This technique for reducing questioners to impotent silence will undoubtedly result in a new Government Directive On Awkward Questions—when in difficulty be delicate without delay. TOM WILLIAMS

MacArthur Never Dies

THAT Britain and the U.S. should join in recommending a draft Japanese Peace Treaty, prepared without reference to the Soviet Union or China, is a terrifying indication of the remoteness of a general settlement in the Far East. A Japanese treaty could be and ought to be one of the foundations of such a settlement. It must inevitably dictate the course of political, economic and military development over much of Southern Asia for years to come. In fact, the absence of Peking from the conference table must be regarded as a serious setback to the cause of peace. Without China, what could be the beginning of a constructive settlement, becomes a further aggravation of the difficulties.

It is true that the British Government has been faced with a serious dilemma. Mr. Foster Dulles's main argument, on his recent visit, was Washington's expressed determination to conclude the treaty at all costs. We have no doubt that some of the provisions of the draft were as unpalatable to Mr. Morrison as they are to us. How far, then, did he feel able to go in objecting? Only to the point where there was no risk of a breach with the U.S. Once again, Britain has suffered the diplomatic reverse of first resisting and then capitulating in the face of American firmness. The Americans have for the last six years regarded Japan as an extension of the Philippines, and it was not difficult on this occasion for Mr. Dulles—aided by the unusual technique of concluding a multilateral treaty in a series of bilateral discussions, and by the British need to secure American support in Persia—to present a forbidding mien. But the repercussions of a Japanese treaty will be felt far wider than the Washington-Tokyo axis; and it is difficult to believe that the American position—compromised, as it has been, by MacArthurism—was really so strong as Mr. Dulles succeeded in making Mr. Morrison believe. If Britain had stood firm in refusing to admit a treaty which leaves Japan free to choose whether she will recognise Peking or Formosa, Asia as a whole would have stood with us. We do not believe that Washington could have afforded to ignore the possibility of such isolation.

Only Mr. Morrison knows for certain why his resistance was in the end so ineffectual. But his remark in the Commons when describing the difficulties of reaching procedural agreement with the Soviet Union—"We do not consider that we should continue to postpone a peace treaty . . . . simply because a small minority [of countries principally concerned in the war against Japan] are not prepared to negotiate a treaty unless the veto is retained"—betrays such transparent disingenuousness that it must be doubted whether he ever appreciated the momentous issues that he was deciding. The truth is that Britain, by her acquiescence in a treaty which is bound to drive China more closely into the arms of the Soviet Union, has betrayed her own best interests as well as the hopes of her friends in Asia.

The terms of the treaty follow from the circumstances of their drafting. Apart from Article 11 on the treatment of war criminals, which is a throw-back to the immediate post-war mood, the Japanese are offered almost complete freedom from restrictions, military, political or commercial, in return for adherence to the U.N. Charter and vague assurances about "fair trade" and the raising of internal standards of living. The treaty is calculated to make as difficult as possible the necessary relations between Japan and the mainland of China, to leave Britain without adequate defence against unfair trading and to confirm Japan as a satellite of the U.S. As a concomitant of the treaty, Washington is to conclude a bilateral defence agreement with Tokyo which will certainly have the effect of perpetuating the American military base in Japan. Moreover, by its refusal to place any limitation on Japanese rearmament and its total failure to contribute to a settlement of Formosa, the treaty is designed as a further move in the American policy of substituting Asian mercenaries for American citizens in its military preparations against Communist Asia.

The Foreign Office seems to have reasoned that the justification for the liberal treatment of such an incorrigible "old lag" is Japan's urgent self-interest in establishing close relations with Peking; the more liberal the treaty, the more free the Japanese would be to disregard the puppets on Formosa. But this estimate overlooks the decisive bargaining counter which the U.S. possesses in the proposed bilateral agreement. For Japan, although encouraged to rearm, depends on Washington for its defence in the next few years. There will be little opportunity for a free—and defenceless—Japan, while suing for American military aid, to disregard pressure from Washington to recognise Chiang Kai-shek. The Foreign Office strategem is likely to prove too clever in a situation where determination rather than slickness is needed. Mr. Morrison, in fact, is as ill-suited to the role of Machiavelli in Asia as he is to that of Palmerston in the Middle East.

The commercial articles of the draft treaty offer little solid assurance against the pre-war Japanese practices of starvation wages and dumped exports. It is true that Article 12 invites the Japanese to accord most-favoured nation treatment to each of the Allied Powers in a series of bilateral agreements, and to base her external trade "solely on commercial considerations." But, once the treaty is signed, what is to prevent a reversion to her traditional methods? The hothouse growth of trade unionism under the Occupation is by no means sure to survive the cold winds of international competition; and Japan, with a population of 85 million, increasing by 1.5 million a year, is even more dependent on exports than the U.K. That the British Government is uneasy about unfair competition, and will do what it can in its own bilateral agreement to safeguard our position, is clear from Sir Hartley Shawcross's refusal to guarantee most-favoured-nation treatment. But this, coupled with whatever faith can be placed in American willingness to support us should the need arise, gives little confidence to Lancashire cotton workers, who shrewdly suspect that the post-war Japanese democrat is not very different from the pre-war commercial imperialist. After experience of the 1919 peace treaties there is no disposition in this country to demand repressive treaties as a matter of principle. But a liberal treaty presupposes liberal signatories. Six years of Occupation may have grafted on the Japanese some of the external trappings of democracy; they have left, deep-rooted, the most rigid, oppressive and undemocratic social system known in any 20th-Century industrial Power and they have scarcely touched the supremacy of the Zaibatzu.

If Mr. Morrison now claims that this is the best that can be done, Parliament at least should proclaim our objections and admit that the treaty, if signed in its present form, will unleash a dangerous and potentially aggressive Power in the Far East, confirm the Soviet fear of hostile encirclement, put back any likelihood of an early settlement with China and set up a dangerous commercial threat to full employment in the United Kingdom. The acceptance of such a prospect even under duress cannot be allowed to pass without objection. The Foreign Secretary will certainly be faced with vigorous protests next week in the House. But in spite of his promise to take account of Parliamentary criticism, nothing much can now be done. Parliament may argue; the Government is substantially committed. The only justification which can be pleaded for the policy of conceding to the U.S. a free hand in her Pacific backyard is that our own influence shall be proportionately strengthened in Europe. And the first lesson to be learnt from the Japanese treaty is how to avoid the same blunders when the time comes for a settlement with Germany.

The Ultimate Conservative

THERE have only been three Professors of Political Science at the London School of Economics—Graham Wallas, Harold Laski, and the new occupant of the chair. It is natural, therefore, that Mr. Oakeshott's inaugural lecture* on Political Education should be studied with quite unusual attention. What manner of man has the School chosen to succeed two of the greatest and most dedicated teachers we have known in this century?

Mr. Oakeshott has one quality at least—an esoteric candour. To the chosen few, initiated into the jargon of "Political Philosophy," he reveals, without any reluctance, the contempt which he feels for the kind of political science which his predecessors established in Houghton Street. A cavalier iconoclast, he marches with his pick-axe into the portals of the School, dedicated by the Webbs to the scientific study of the improvement of human society; and there he smashes, one by one, the idols with which Laski and Wallas adorned its walls. Down come the Civil Liberties and Human Rights for which they fought; Mr. Oakeshott regards them as graven images, which blaspheme the true god—Tradition. Out of the window crashes Mill's Representative Government, "an insidious misunderstanding of political activity"; and the

* *Political Education*. By Professor Michael Oakeshott. *Bowes and Bowes*. 2s. 6d.

noble curves of John Locke's *Treatise on Government*, which inspired the American revolutionaries to battle against us, are ruthlessly flattened into "a brief conspectus of the manner in which Englishmen were accustomed to go about the business of attending to their arrangements." So that was what Tom Paine felt so strongly about!

Political education *à la* Oakeshott will certainly be a striking contrast to the liberal humanism of Wallas and the stimulus of Laski. The new professor's specialities are deflating and debunking the ideas which have been the motive force of British democracy. He sees politics in terms of Wellington's aphorism: "It was always Napoleon's object to fight a great battle: my object, on the contrary, was to avoid a great battle"; and, without acknowledging the quotation from F. H. Bradley, he concludes: "The world is the best of all possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil."

What will be the reaction to this peroration of the student from Nigeria, or Louisiana, or China, or the emigré from Eastern Europe, who has come to L.S.E. in order to hear from Laski's successor the message that Western democracy offers to a distracted world? He may at first be entertained by Mr. Oakeshott's donnish cynicism. Young men are often attracted by a pose of fatigued worldly wisdom, especially when prejudice is dolled up in the robes of pedantry. But what lessons will they take back home with them? That ideals are false abstractions; that political principles are distortions of national tradition; that the politician with a goal is a menace; and that the enterprise of politics consists in "keeping afloat on an even keel . . . with neither starting place nor appointed destination." You can say that sort of thing over the port in a Cambridge Common Room and get a reputation for knowing about the real world outside. In London it is a dusty answer.

With supercilious self-depreciation, Mr. Oakeshott writes: "It seems perhaps a little ungrateful that Wallas and Laski should be followed by a sceptic." The follower presumes too much. He confuses *scepticism*, the conscientious objection to unwarranted assumptions, with *cynicism*, the frivolous belief that there is nothing worth our strife. In this country, scepticism has been the strenuous enemy of cant and privilege—and so an essential force on the side of liberty—whereas cynicism has been the indolent ally of privilege. *Political Education* is cynical enough; but, like so many of his kind, its author is exceedingly credulous when it suits him to be so. He describes politics as "a concrete whole—an activity having the source of its movement within itself," a phrase no sceptic would accept. He also assumes without question that Tradition is the reality of political life; ideas and principles are mere distortions and abridgements of it, and practical politics a pursuit of its "intimations." As the lecture proceeds, Tradition takes on some mystical qualities.

> It is a flow of sympathy . . . its authority is diffused between past, present and future. . . . it is steady because, though it moves, it is never wholly in motion, and, though it is tranquil, it is never wholly at rest. Nothing that ever belonged to it is completely lost. . . . Everything is temporary, and nothing is arbitrary.

For a professed sceptic holding a chair of political science and purporting to describe an observed phenomenon, this is remarkable language. We might be listening to Hegel, developing the idea of Pure Reason, or any of the lesser tribe of German philosophers who sought, by sanctifying the Nation as Emergent Spirit, to deny the Liberal movement the right to take hold of the State and shape it to the demands of modern democracy.

Mr. Oakeshott devotes a whole section of his lecture to proving that ideological thinking is an improper method of politics. The only use of ideologies, he acutely observes, is that, like caricatures, they may enable you to see an aspect of a society which you would otherwise miss. What he fails to notice is that the mystique he preaches has provided, during the last hundred years, an ideology for all the forces opposed to the advancement of human liberty. Marxism at least left room for social science, whereas the ideology of National Tradition is sheer high-falutin' obscurantism.

I do not want to suggest that there is nothing to be learnt from a close study of this lecture. The Conservative politician has always feared Conservative theorists, because they reveal too much. In adumbrating a philosophy of Conservatism and a method of Conservative education, Mr. Oakeshott has confirmed their worst fears by performing a delicious *reductio ad absurdum*. If, as he repeats so often, the fundamental stuff of politics is Tradition, two things follow. In the first place, the Russian Communist Tradition, or the German militarist Tradition, is as *real* as British Parliamentary Government, and there is no standard by which one can be said to be better than the other. But in that case Mr. Oakeshott's strictures on totalitarianism are inconsistent with his main premise. In order to condemn another Tradition, I must assert a political principle by which to judge it. But then I can use the same principle as a criterion of my own Tradition; and in that case it is untrue that "the world is the best of all possible places, and everything in it is a necessary evil."

The second fallacy is equally elementary, but rather more entertaining. Assume, as Mr. Oakeshott asserts, that politics is a conversation within a tradition and not an argument about political principles. But why should we presuppose that, inside the territory we call Britain, or France, or Germany, there is only one society, with one tradition? Why should there not be two societies—two nations, as Disraeli called them—each with its own way of life? Add "class tradition" to "national tradition," and Mr. Oakeshott's brand of political education is transformed into Dialectical Materialism. Like him, the Marxist believes that ideas and principles are mere superstructure, deceptive abstractions from the concrete reality, which is the stuff of politics. Like him, they heap contempt and ridicule on Utopians and sentimentalists, who believe that the individual can transcend his tradition and that principles are worth fighting for. Most of the arguments which Professor Oakeshott uses to denigrate Harold Laski's methods of political education were being used against Laski by the apologists of the Kremlin years before our new Professor came to conquer Houghton Street.

The cynicism of the extreme Right and of the extreme Left form a vicious circle. Both corrode our faith in man's power, by reason and co-operation, to master his environment. The extreme Right deifies Tradition, because it fears the democratic principles which challenge privilege and status. The extreme Left deifies class war—the clash of two societies with opposing traditions—because it hates the idealist who is trying to make the Communist Revolution unnecessary. Marx had merely to turn Hegel upside down to prove what he wanted to assert. Professor Oakeshott has set him on his feet again—minus the Dialectic—with the expected result.

With Professor Oakeshott now working alongside Professor Robbins, the London School of Economics graduates to complete academic orthodoxy. Once it provided a home for causes still unwon and sciences still unrecognised: now it will frown on new ideas until others have made them thoroughly respectable, and pontificate against each measure of social reform until it has been safely set on its niche in the pantheon of tradition. Our object, says Professor Oakeshott, must always be to avoid a great battle. Avoid it, no doubt, as the Duke of Wellington avoided the battle of the Reform Bill in 1832—by a last-minute surrender.

A conservative political education, wedded to no principles and contemptuous of theory, is an essential element in a free society. It is right that the democrat should study its boneless anatomy, and he can even admire the mystique which transforms opportunism into a political virtue. But it never seems to occur to Professor Oakeshott that this kind of politics ossifies into reaction unless it is constantly challenged by men who will fight for theories and movements that will fight for principles *before* they are accepted as respectable parts of our national tradition. *Political Education* explains everything about British democracy except the social science and social dynamic which have brought *it* into being—everything, that is, except the role of Graham Wallas and Harold Laski.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

WHILE the newspapers continue to lambast *One Way Only* (never has so much newsprint been consumed in refuting an argument which, as every leader writer asserts, "needs no refutation") the public continues to buy it, and the constituency Labour parties to discuss it. Meanwhile behind closed doors in Transport House the real tussle has just begun. Some weeks ago the National Executive of the Labour Party instructed its policy sub-committee, under the chairmanship of Herbert Morrison, to prepare a full length policy statement for submission to the annual conference at Scarborough. At the time, the most contentious issue seemed to be the cost of living. At Margate last year the Executive rather unwisely had accepted from the floor a policy resolution to deal with rising profits and prices, and it seemed obvious that delegates at Scarborough would be asking what had happened to this resolution. But since the publication of *One*

Way Only it is pretty clear that discussion will centre round the defence programme, and the cost of living will be viewed as an aspect of rearmament. The draft statement, therefore, which was submitted by Morgan Phillips to the Policy Committee last Monday at once precipitated a conflict between Nye Bevan, supported by Mikardo, and the rest of the committee. If, as seems certain, the full meeting of the National Executive accepts Phillips' draft, the four Bevanite members will be faced with the choice of either remaining silent throughout the Conference or resigning before it takes place. Under the constitution of the Labour Party collective responsibility is enforced as severely upon the Executive as it is on the Cabinet. There is no room for a "loyal Opposition." The Executive is now the rubber stamp of the Cabinet, and the only question is whether the Prime Minister is prepared to intervene in order to ease the deadlock. He could do so easily enough by deciding that he did not want any policy declaration at this particular moment when he is still making up his mind about an autumn election.

* * *

If the Prime Minister, the B.B.C., and the Editors of *The Times* and the *Telegraph* have each had something up to three hundred letters demanding that this country should take a leaf out of the McCarthy book and begin a systematic witch-hunt in the public services, they will know presumably that this sudden agitation was not spontaneous. This line of action was proposed by Mr. Kenneth de Courcy at a meeting on July 9 at the Empire Hall, Northumberland Avenue. Tickets were available to readers of *Intelligence Digest* only. De Courcy took the ridiculous statement of Lord Vansittart that he had documentary proof that there were 11,000 Communists in our public services, and said that nothing had been done about this because of Communist affiliations among members of the Government! De Courcy, I am told by somebody present, specially attacked Mr. Morrison and the late Ernest Bevin. He also said that the B.B.C. was Communist in its outlook and sympathy, and that it needed thoroughly purging, along with Government departments and Fleet Street. A small printed handbill was distributed to each member of the audience, demanding immediate *action*. The action was apparently to write two letters a head—600 in all.

* * *

I wish those who complain about political apathy could have attended the national conference that the Peace With China Council held last Sunday. Delegates do not travel overnight from the North and face a night journey back unless they mean business. Nor do they, like one or two delegates I met, lightly break into their summer holidays. As I listened to the discussions I realised how much had been done by these groups since last winter when they started spontaneously with no money and no political machine behind them. Glasgow is only the most dramatic example of towns that have maintained their original enthusiasm and built strong movements. All of them, to judge by the temper of the delegates, want to go on with the campaign until there is a genuine settlement in the Far East. The terms of the draft Japanese Peace Treaty were unanimously felt to be reason enough for an intensified campaign even if there were not other issues, including Formosa and the admission of China to U.N., on which the Government was in danger of giving way to Washington against their own better judgment. This conference proved again that the Peace With China Council was right when it relied on local initiative, rather than on the formation of a new political organisation.

* * *

Those who lament that young people to-day have lost the pioneer spirit and the sense of adventure and are only interested in the cinema and sport-watching ought to have seen the party of students which Gerald Barry "envoied" from the Dome of Discovery. They were setting off in a bus which they had bought for a journey across Europe through the Balkans, over the Taurus Mountains and the Anatolian Desert to Jordan. They consisted of seventeen men and fourteen women, selected out of over 200 applicants, by the United Nations Student Association. The selection was based on usefulness—they each put £35 into the "kitty"—and between them they commanded twelve languages. They will contact U.N. students' organisations throughout and will "live hard." This is no jamboree. They have all got special, expert interest in scientific and social problems and will be working their passage. They are flying the U.N. flag and the first of a relay of drivers was a girl who had been a truck-driver in the WRACS. They are going out to discover people and problems for themselves and maybe find a vocation in such things as U.N. Technical Assistance. What it shows is that young people are still keen on adventure, but to-day it has to be adventure-with-a-purpose.

* * *

The case for the Festival has never been economic. It has cheered England up; we have proved to ourselves that we are still a country of originality and enterprise, local as well as national. We have discovered our artists, architects and entertainers. The Festival has paid for itself a hundred times over in fun and human satisfaction. If it is really impossible to keep the South Bank going for another year (which I shall greatly regret) I hope that some of the better pavilions will find more permanent homes and that we shall at least retain a riverside restaurant. (The Thames must be the only big river in Europe which has lacked such an obvious amenity. I recall particularly delightful eating places afloat on the river in Budapest and Prague). As for the Pleasure Gardens at Battersea, I hope they will become as much an accepted part of London as Hampstead Heath or the National Gallery. London needs a Tivoli just as much as Copenhagen or Stockholm. By immense efforts an improvement seems to have been made in the Gardens and on the South Bank in the matter of litter. I wish I could say there had been an equal improvement in the service, quality and price of food which are still scandalous. The greater tidiness seems to have been achieved by teams of male scavengers. Lady Allen, the leading champion of children's rights, makes an excellent proposal to me. She suggests that instead of men with pointed sticks to pick up what the public drops, the public should be educated out of its slovenly habits by a corps of resolute women, each with a litter badge on her arm, who would go round with the power to fine on the spot everyone who drops a carton or a paper bag. Before appointing Lady Allen to take charge of the litter squads, we shall have to decide on the suitable fines. The lowest, I suggest, would be a penny fine for children who drop sucked and sticky paper about the place and the highest should be five shillings for the family who indiscriminately discard the revolting remnants of a picnic lunch.

CRITIC

PERSIAN POSTSCRIPT

They told us they had been to him,
We asked them what he said,
They answered in the interim
That he had gone to bed.

We told him that we thought it best
He leave it to the Hague—
We knew he was in need of rest
But why was he so vague?

While public ownership is right,
To rush the measure through,
We told him flatly, was a quite
Un-British thing to do.

We mentioned that we would consent
On his behalf to toil,
But we would leave him (if we went)
To stew in his own oil.

We said, though both sides felt the strain,
If talks did not go on,
We had no choice but to remain
Long after we had gone.

We told him, as we had before
He got into this mess,
We were prepared to give him more,
If he would not take less.

He answered that his state of health
Forbade him to discuss
A reapportionment of wealth
Between himself and us.

For what he grabbed before we gave
We said that we would pay,
So long as he did not behave
In this un-Persian way.

They said they thought that they and he
Should with ourselves confer,
Or he and they and he would be
Exactly as we were. . . .

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Miss —— had alleged that Whittington-Asquith tried to seduce her in his car, saying that it would make her a better footballer.—*Daily Mirror*. (A. B. Alexander.)

Mr. Blenkinsop, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, East, Lab.), said that waiting lists were decreasing, and it could not be accepted that the improvement in the death rate was due merely to postponement of death.—*The Times*. (W. Hammerton.)

The vicar refused to christen a child until its identity card had been produced. The parents contended that it couldn't have a card until it had a name.—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (G. E. Bowen.)

Fair Shares in Electricity

I. THE PROBLEM OF THE PEAK

THE COST to the nation of the present shortage of electricity plant is almost certainly greater than any of the figures which have been made public. The power cuts themselves were recently estimated to have cost us between eight and ten million pounds' worth of industrial production in a single winter, this being the Minister of Fuel's "guess as to the minimum loss suffered by industry." Industry, however, is only one of electricity's customers: 98 per cent. of the consumers, and something like half of the energy, are domestic and commercial; and when the electricity goes off, the cost in discomfort, wasted effort, and inefficiency in the performance of millions of domestic chores and non-industrial activities adds up to a formidable total. The cuts, moreover, are only the final indignity: for every hour of actual disconnection there are many more hours in which the supply pressure is unduly low and the frequency under normal.

A reduction of electricity pressure has much the same effect on domestic and commercial consumers as a reduction of gas pressure. All heating and lighting appliances operate at a lower rate, cooking operations take longer, and fires are less effective. On industry, frequency reduction operates more severely, and its effect is more insidious. The speeds of industrial motors are proportional to the frequency of the supply mains. When the national load begins to over-top the generation capacity, the whole inter-linked apparatus of electricity supply throughout the country begins to slow up, just as the speed of a car drops on reaching a hill when the limit of accelerator opening is reached. When one comes home in the evening and finds that clocks which were right at 7 a.m. have lost five or ten minutes during the day, one must realise that a considerable slice of industry has lost just about this amount of effective operating time. Lathes and spinning looms have run slower, just as the clocks have; and, no matter what their operatives strive to do, the output will in most cases be reduced proportionately. It is true that the lost revolutions are made up at night, but no amount of speeding-up of night-shift operation will make up for a loss of speed in the day-shift. In total, one might well double the Minister's "guess" and suggest that the generating plant shortage, in all its ramifications, costs the nation at least £20m. every year.

What progress is being made in closing the gap between electricity demand and plant capacity? So far as one can tell, precisely none. It is true that strenuous and successful efforts are being made to bring more plant into commission, but the result has failed even to keep pace with the growth in load. Meanwhile an enormous and increasing volume of out-of-date plant is waiting to be replaced.

Broadly speaking, electricity is short for the same reason that so many other things are short. The war dissipated resources and halted production, while requirements, both industrial and domestic, show a relentless yearly increase. But electricity has a special difficulty to contend with—it has become excessively weather-conscious. To quote the Minister of Fuel again, "It is estimated that in April and May a drop of 1° F. in the temperature may increase the national load by 100 megawatts." It is therefore not surprising that a cold winter's day may add 1,000 megawatts to the load, and that in a really cold snap the generating capacity is about 2,000 megawatts short of requirements. The domestic consumer, with his radiant fires, is usually cast for the villain of the piece, but like other villains he is as much the victim of his own misdeeds. Moreover, there is nothing inherently wicked in wanting to be warm when the weather gets cold, and if the householder can buy for ½*d.* a unit of electricity which at that moment is costing the country 3*d.* or 6*d.*, one should blame, not him, but the system which allows this.

Instead of exhorting or bullying, the authorities should see that a vital national requirement like electricity is either produced in sufficient quantities or else allocated in the national interest. As it is, the Chairman of the British Electricity Authority reiterates at frequent intervals his demand for an unrestricted electricity-station programme sufficient to meet the whole potential demand at the earliest possible moment. The Government planning departments, somewhat less explicitly, seem equally determined that the resources allocated to electricity construction shall be insufficient even to keep pace with the load-growth. Both sides appear to have ample reason behind them. The electricity authorities can easily prove that additional power stations will save far more than they cost. The Government planners, on the other hand, can point out that almost everything else is restricted, so why not electricity? Moreover (and this is their trump card) a perceptible slice of each power station is used, not to supply the all-the-year factory load, but to service domestic fires for a few short spells each winter. The two sides in fact, after a few rounds of good-tempered sparring, appear to have got into a clinch. It was just this sort of deadlock that nationalisation was supposed to make impossible.

Attempts to establish a "national fuel policy" in the domestic sphere come up against the fact that there are twenty different methods or combinations of methods of heating the rooms, food, and water of the urban householder, any one of which may be the right answer under given circumstances. Moreover the circumstances vary from hour to hour, as well as from consumer to consumer. To heat a room for one hour, electricity may be the most economical medium; to heat it for three hours—gas; and to heat it for a whole day—solid fuel. Electric cooking may cost the country more than other media at breakfast and less at week-ends. The outstanding merits of electricity are a high *utilisation* efficiency and precise control, from which flow most of its other virtues and amenity values. Its outstanding defects are a low *production* efficiency and a high capital investment—the latter the combined result of expensive equipment and impossibility of storage.

The common sense of electricity utilisation is therefore (1) to employ electricity for mechanical power production, for specialised uses such as lighting and wireless, and for small-scale and intermittent heating wherever precise control and labour-saving are important, and where a good diversity of usage can be anticipated; (2) not to use it for large-scale space-heating, unless there are fairly strong amenity elements involved; and above all, not to use it at all as a "topping up" heating medium in cold spells. Thus the long-term or economic problem is how to translate these principles into appropriate tariff terms. The short-term or emergency problem is how (whether by financial inducements or positive control) to bridge a gap of 2,000 megawatts which at present showing is going to take anything up to ten years to close. Neither problem can be solved by a show-down or trial of strength between Minister and industry, still less by an exhibition of shadow boxing, but rather by a gentlemen's agreement to go fifty-fifty in the work involved. The Government's contribution should be a special allocation of capital, materials and man-power sufficient to provide 1,000 megawatts over and above the existing power-station programme. The supply industry's contribution should be a whole-hearted and rapid institution of non-industrial load restriction which will cut off 1,000 megawatts at the time of peak.

There is nothing impossible about the State's share; it is merely a question of relative priority. The second turns on technical possibilities. Is it feasible, without extravagantly expensive apparatus, without bringing the policeman into the home in order to assess or enforce restrictions of usage, and without the waste of man-power involved in a complete fuel ration system? The writer believes that it is, and in a concluding article he will outline a plan which would not affect the great majority of consumers, while those few to whom it would apply would only be affected at the actual national danger periods. Under no circumstances would the supply be cut off. The limitation would be related to the technical arrangements and needs of each individual consumer; it would involve none of the normal apparatus of rationing, and each consumer would be able to restore his full service by switching off some apparatus.

DOUGLAS POWER

Luxembourg Takes Itself Seriously

LUXEMBOURG—forty miles one way and twenty the other—is, on the face of it, hard to take seriously. One is tempted to be either facetious about this Blast-Furnace Ruritania, or else rapturous about the loveliness of the Moselle valley, the ghost-infested castles, and the heirs to Shakespeare's lovers in the Forest of Arden, some miles of which spread across the northern half of the Grand Duchy. Yet in reality Luxembourg is no dreamland. It is a small but very active member of Western Europe, with its own more than adequate share of wartime tragedy, and with post-war problems very like those of its neighbours. It lost 10,000 lives in the war—a high figure for its population of 300,000; the Rundstedt offensive at the end of 1944 caused great destruction, including that of the famous Abbey of Echternach, now being completely rebuilt from little more than a heap of rubble. But, above all, much money has been put into the Grand Duchy's iron and steel industry, thanks to which Luxembourg is to-day the fourth largest producer of steel in Western Europe, with an output of over 3 million tons each of steel and pig iron a year.

In the early part of 1950, the Luxembourg steel industry was threatened with a slump; but, as is candidly admitted, business looked up thanks to the Korean war; now there's a waiting list for steel orders, and the total number of unemployed in the whole country is 38. Esch and other steel towns in Central and Southern Luxembourg are to-day both busy and prosperous, with a standard of living far above that of the industrial towns of Lorraine just across the French border, and a little above those in Belgium. Yet Luxembourgers are shrewd people, and they know that this temporary boom of the steel-mills is no answer to long-term problems. Wedged between France, Belgium and Germany, the Grand Duchy is a member of the Brussels Treaty, of the Atlantic Pact, of the Council of Europe, of the Schuman Plan, and is a recipient of Marshall Aid. Its Foreign Minister,

M. Joseph Bech, is considered by many foreigners "the greatest Benelux statesman"—a view with which many of his countrymen find it hard to agree. Although, in many ways, Bech is very independent—he insists, for instance, on keeping in Moscow an extremely able, but by no means orthodox Minister, who provides him with information often very different from the routine information of most Moscow Embassies—he is considered by the Luxembourg Socialists much too conformist when it comes to dealing with the bigger Western Allies, especially the U.S.A., and they are determined to "keep him in order."

During my stay in Luxembourg an important thing happened: having won, on June 3, an election victory which gave them three additional seats in the Chamber, the Socialists, for the first time in several years, agreed to re-enter the Luxembourg Government. With 19 seats, against 21 secured by the Social-Christians—the balance consisting of 8 Liberals and 4 Communists—the Socialists were able to lay down some stiff conditions for entering the Government, in which the six posts are now equally divided between them and the Social-Christians. M. Michel Rasquin, the Socialist leader, who holds the important post of Minister of Economic Affairs, struck me as being hard as nails. Very tall, with a bony, almost ascetic face, Rasquin is clearly going to be the Strong Man of Luxembourg. Characteristically, he began our talk with some uncomplimentary remarks on the French Socialists, who were ruining the very idea of democratic Socialism in Western Europe by co-operating unconditionally in any government.

Altogether, he took a gloomy view of France, where nearly half the electorate had declared themselves "against the parliamentary republic." For the Belgian Socialists he showed rather more respect, and thought they had handled the Leopold crisis admirably. As for the British Labour Government, its survival was "a matter of life and death to democracy in Europe." On most questions M. Rasquin held strong views, many of them emphatically Socialist, and different from those professed by the previous Catholic Government of Luxembourg. He was opposed to "independent" German rearmament, which might well prove a double-edged weapon; as for the "European Army" he didn't see very clearly what it meant—except that it obviously meant the surrender of national sovereignty. Indeed, about *all* "supra-national authorities" he had very grave doubts—not least about that which is going to dominate the Schuman Plan. His comment was:

> The steel industry is the very life-blood of Luxembourg, and I am very hesitant indeed about transferring to people of whom we know nothing the power to decide on the living standard of our people. I fear this all the more as our standard of living and our wages are high, our transport problems very difficult, and our home market almost non-existant.
>
> For these reasons we are extremely vulnerable. We have no coal; our reserves of iron ore will barely last us another generation; in short, the risks are so great that the greatest distrust is justified. Although we produce ten times more steel per head of population than the U.S., our production is still only a small fraction of the Pool, which can, if it wishes, do without us. There's our tragedy.
>
> We must ask for a minimum of safeguards—for the very existence of our people; not just for the good of the steel companies. I am sure that we can get these safeguards if we fight hard enough. The Germans also have made various reservations. The present text of the Schuman Plan must undergo a lot of amending and must include various restrictive clauses. We shall, in any case, probably be the very last to ratify it, and not without a big fight.

When I suggested that M. Bech had already secured for Luxembourg a number of concessions under the Schuman Plan, M. Rasquin declared these to be paper concessions and, from his standpoint, quite inadequate.

He had equally strong views on conscription. With present methods of warfare, he said, the entire Luxembourg Army might be wiped out in a day, and what was a drop in the bucket to Allied manpower might mean to Luxembourg the loss of a whole generation of young men. Britain was pressing for a uniform West European system of two-year conscription; but the Luxembourg Socialists were dead against it. Under the compromise they had reached with the Catholics, in forming the new Government, they had secured that the present one-year conscription plus two three-month training periods would on no account be exceeded, and that negotiations would be started with the Allies for authorising Luxembourg to contribute to the general Defence effort more than her share in terms of industrial output, and less in terms of manpower.

There is no doubt that the Socialists' anti-conscription and anti-militarist slogans in the election won them more votes than anything else. Among other conditions they laid down for joining the Government were the fixing of the minimum wage at 4,030 frs. (£28) a month, as against £23, numerous tax concessions on lower-grade incomes, and an increase in the taxation of company profits, including an excess-profits tax on the "abnormal" earnings of the "Korean" period. All this will result in a net increase in revenue, which is to be used for food subsidies to keep the cost of living down. As good practical Socialism, all this should make many a French and British Socialist envious; though it is true, as M. Rasquin readily admitted, that Luxembourg does not suffer from either the political handicaps of France or the economic handicaps of Britain, and has escaped their familiar dilemmas.

Below the surface one of the oddest female rivalries is going on in Luxembourg—the rivalry of two ladies each representing a different "way of life." One is Grand Duchess Charlotte, dignified, reserved and popular, and the other, the U.S. Ambassador, Mrs. Pearl Mesta, a multi-millionaire Washington hostess, a personal friend of "Harry's," and known in Luxembourg as "the Mistinguett of our Diplomatic Corps." She entertains on a grandiose scale; one day she invited to a reception every mayor of every locality in the Grand Duchy—which is more than the Grand Duchess had ever done—and, while some Luxembourgers like her and others don't, they are all mildly and a little ironically amused by her new ways.

With Luxembourg's Socialist leaders she has had her tiffs. The most famous occasion was in the industrial centre of Esch which was then running a *Luxembourg au Travail* exhibition. They were going to have, besides Belgian, British and French "days," an "American Day." Mrs. Mesta insisted on having an American military parade in the streets. The war in Korea had just begun; people were jumpy and nervous, and M. Rasquin, as Mayor of Esch, thought that such a parade was totally uncalled for, and would only play into the hands of the Communists. He declared that, as mayor, he would boycott the parade. Mrs. Mesta was furious; however, in the end, a compromise was reached whereby there would be no parade—only an American military band in front of the town hall.

The uniformed band, all-Negro, was a great success, and everybody was quite happy in the end, except perhaps the makers of Coca Cola, whose generous offer to mark the occasion by a mass sale of their product, the proceeds of which would be handed over to the Luxembourg Red Cross, was flatly turned down by the Socialist mayor of Esch. But all this little "Ruritanian" comedy has also its serious side.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Luxembourg, July.

Holiday Island

II. The Parliament of Man

No passports are required at Douglas. Yet the Isle of Man enjoys sufficient independence to satisfy Manx patriotism and, at the same time, to give the visitor a pleasing sense of difference. If rationing, Purchase Tax and physical appearances remind him of home, there are Manx currency, Manx laws and customs and a plethora of Manxiana to suggest that he is abroad. He can thus enjoy some of the pleasures of foreign travel without the burden of its cost and, since his normal habits are catered for, without forgoing his afternoon tea, tripe, custard pies and kippers. Yet, of the tens of thousands who pour on to Victoria Pier every summer Saturday, there can be few who have any precise idea of the status of the island. The Manx insignia of the Three Legs is familiar; it is generally known that the island has a much lower Income Tax than the mainland; and crowds of visitors attend the annual ceremony on July 5 at the Tynwald Hill when the legislature maintains the Viking tradition of the open-air parliament of freemen. But beyond this, the Government of the island remains the private mystery of the Manxmen and of the "come-overs," or immigrants from the mainland, who qualify as voters after six months' residence.

Even Manxmen, I suspect, are content to accept their independence at its nominal value, for the history of the island is so tortuous that it defies concise recounting. The Celts and the Vikings have each left their mark, in stone crosses, and names, and laws and customs. But plaited into these threads of the Manx tradition are successive changes in rulers and outside allegiance, from Ireland to Norway, to Scotland, to the Western Isles and finally to the British Crown. There are the Stanleys, who chose to be great lords rather than petty kings; and there is the curious episode of the Manx Rebellion which broke the Royalist hold in the last stronghold to surrender to Cromwell. If the island by-passed part of the feudal period, it enjoyed, under the Stanleys, a late feudalism all its own. And if it had its bourgeois revolution in the Manx Rebellion, it was a very small affair which was much more the result of dissatisfaction with the system of land tenure than of the causes which drove the Ironsides to battle. Through all its history, in fact, the island has been the creature of political events over the water, its government changing hands as kingdoms rose and fell elsewhere. And to-day, this same fact produces a curious sense of isolation from world affairs. The Isle of Man goes where England goes, but it has no say in the direction chosen. Lacking representation at Westminster, linked to the Crown by a Lieutenant-Governor and linked to Whitehall by statute, it enjoys local autonomy at the price of silence on international affairs. The result is that foreign policy is not an issue in Manx politics: however Manxmen may feel about Russia or America, Korea or Persia, however sharply they may argue, they can do nothing about these things.

Naturally, they are proud of their "independence," and the Tynwald ceremony is an impressive instance of their pride in the second-oldest representative Government in the world. But strip this Government of its historical glamour, reduce it to the prosaic fact of twenty-four Members of the House of Keys, and what remains? A body which, in mainland terms, is less important than a County Borough. Technically, it is independent of Britain. In practice, it is dependent. If Westminster and Whitehall should insist, the House of Keys must accept. That the issue is never thus posed is due largely to tact, to British acceptance

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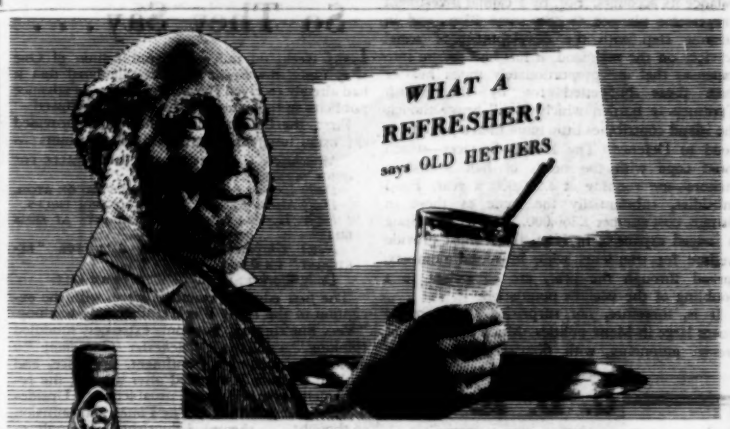
The Salvation Army



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of local sentiment, and to the continuous but unofficial liaison that it maintained with the Home Office and the various Departments of State in London. This working relationship closely reflects the island's economic dependence on the mainland. If it did not possess a Customs union with Britain, its tourist trade would be wrecked. Imagine the chaos and discomfort that would be caused by a Customs' checking of thirty thousand Lancashire workers on an August Saturday.

This Customs union, originally designed to wipe out the island's profitable smuggling, is the umbilical cord between the island and the mainland. The Isle of Man enjoys, as its largest single source of revenue, the Customs and Excise receipts. But it must first devote these to meeting charges for certain "reserved" services, such as the police, prison and judicial costs and the contribution to the British Treasury, before it can call a penny its own. The remainder, and the revenue from the island's own Income Tax, can be absorbed by the Manx Government. From the Customs it receives nearly two million pounds a year, and most of this comes from Purchase Tax, and duties on cigarettes, beer and petrol. Income Tax, at five shillings in the pound with generous allowances, yields another £580,000, though, to secure a yield per head from Income Tax equivalent to the British, the tax rate would have to be raised to something nearer twelve shillings in the pound. The island's complicated financial structure is rounded off by an accumulated fund, which is used in part for current expenses and in part for capital spending. This stands now at more than half a million.

All this might seem a comfortable financial position for an island of fifty thousand people. But the picture is not quite so rosy. In fact, the main problem facing the Isle of Man is how to balance its accounts. For, by a capital investment programme planned to cost some £3m., and in keeping step with the development of social services on the mainland, it has had to run into expenses that are proportionately much heavier than those budgetted for by the British Treasury—a burden which is still heavy though the island contributes little more than a pound per head to Defence. The Health Services—which must cope with the needs of half a million visitors—are running at £530,000 a year. Food subsidies, substantially the same as those in Britain, cost another £360,000. The Welfare State is indeed expensive in Man, for it must provide welfare for transients who, in round numbers, spread through the year, are equivalent to a doubling of the island's population.

It is, therefore, not surprising that Finance looms large in Manx politics. Much of the talk of greater autonomy, with flourishes about Manx patriotism, is no more than an elaborate and polite way of calling for lower taxes. Many of the most ardent Manx patriots, moreover, are Johnny-come-latelys, retired from India, from Africa and Singapore, who have settled on the island because taxes are lower, because there are no death duties, because houses are cheaper and because private building is much easier. These "Come-overs" dislike the Taxation State for obvious reasons, especially when they are pensioners, and find the conservative atmosphere of Manx politics more congenial. At this moment, the alarm is being sounded: in the autumn, the House of Keys will reach the end of its five year term, and the fear of Labour gains at the election is being used to rally the Independents, the Manx People's Political Association and the Conservatives into a common front.

The anxiety seems ludicrous to an outsider. Labour holds two safe seats; it has picked up three more at recent bye-elections, which it is unlikely to hold, owing to the archaic method of representation which gives the country districts a permanent majority of the twenty-four seats in the Keys. But even if Labour held seven or eight seats, its mild-mannered and respectable representatives seem unlikely to offer much of a radical challenge to property. It is the Labour Government in London that has really called the tune, and the Isle of Man has had to dance to it, for all its local autonomy. If Labour is defeated in Britain, then the island might cut its social services and inaugurate a taxpayers' regime of economy. But, independent or no, the island cannot escape its destiny. And its destiny is to be the mirror of the mainland which supplies the raw material of its industry—the tourist.

Isle of Man, July NORMAN MACKENZIE

G. D. H.
COLE
brilliantly analyses the economic effects of rearmament on our standard of life in
Weakness Through Is. Strength
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So They Say . . .

LAST week, on the eve of publication of *One Way Only*, the *Evening News* calculated that it had already received 808 column inches of advance publicity in the national Press. More followed.

First, the headline treatment, which provided the usual fascinating variety of salient points:—

Manchester Guardian: BEVAN GROUP CALLS FOR QUICK SETTLEMENT WITH RUSSIA.
Daily Express: BEVAN ASKS FOR VETO ON ATOM.
Daily Mirror: BEVAN PLAN TO CONTROL PRICES.
Daily Herald: BEVAN PAMPHLET HITS AT ARMS BILL.
News Chronicle: BEVANITES CALL FOR "RESTRAINT" ON U.S.
Daily Worker: BEVAN GROUP'S PEACE CALL.

The first editorial reactions were, with the exception of the *Daily Worker*, uniformly scathing. "Very fine rhetoric, but some extremely muddled thinking," said the *Manchester Guardian*; "a curious compound of sentiment, prejudice, and wishful thinking," it added after arguing the rearmament issue at twice its usual length. "Upside-down logic," commented *The Times*; "a confusion of thought . . . rhetorical flourishes serve only to reveal the barren emptiness of the argument."

"Inordinate length, woolliness and verbosity," said the *Telegraph*; "well calculated to create the maximum of discord [in the Labour Party] . . . the fight is clearly on." The *Herald* hastened to deny this: "The Tories have been hoping [for] a bomb-shell . . . [But] there is nothing in *One Way Only* that will impair Labour's fundamental unity . . ." The *News Chronicle* admitted that the "Bevanite vision" of aid for undeveloped countries was "sensible and just," but added that the Defence argument was "at best uncertain and at worst suicidal." The *Daily Worker* stated flatly that "no one can fail to be impressed by the arguments."

The following day, the *Mail* described it as "political nitwittery," and said that the "great piece of artillery which [the Bevanites] were training on to the body politic has misfired." The *Mirror* said the pamphlet's plan for attacking the cost of living "unfortunately . . . depends on asking Britain to take a gamble that the Government feels unable to take." And in the *Herald* Christopher Mayhew, M.P., launched a determined assault from the feature page. Next day Michael Foot replied on the same page of the *Herald*, and was sharply criticised in the adjoining editorial.

On Friday, A. J. Cummings in the *Chronicle* spurned the *Herald's* "no bombshell" line and expressed surprise that Mr. Bevan should have chosen "this critical moment in the Government's precarious existence to hurl a bomb that may blow the Labour Parliament sky-high and smash the Labour movement to pieces." In the next paragraph, however, he reassured his readers that "on its merits, the Bevanite pamphlet fails to stand up even to the most cursory examination."

"All it turns out to be is a pot-boiling of most of the muddled nonsense that has come in recent months from the anti-American wing of the Labour Party," observed the *Sunday Dispatch* commentator, going on to discuss it in great detail. The *Observer* editorial, however, saw through the "camouflage" and found the pamphlet "a move in Mr. Bevan's long-term campaign for leadership," but also praised the "emphasis on the need to aid under-developed countries." The *Sunday Times* hopefully argued a line of its own—that "if the present rebels win [at the Party conference] the moderate Labour voter of the Deakin stamp will have only one way open: to vote Conservative."

Reynold's News presented Harold Wilson and Maurice Edelman on opposite sides of the street, with a Bevan-inclined editorial.

On Monday, and on reflection, the *Guardian* and *The Times* felt compelled to devote further long editorials to it. "Even after closer reading and consideration [it] remains a disappointing document," began *The Times* in a 1,400-word reiteration that the pamphlet was "plainly a blind alley . . . only rhetoric . . . lacking in clarity."

The *Guardian*, at almost equal length, attacked *Tribune* and the *N.S. & N.* for defending *One Way Only*, particularly the latter's "challenge" to any critic to give "any rational basis" for the figure of £4,700 millions for rearmament. "Nobody outside the Cabinet and the Defence departments can know, or should know, in detail how it was arrived at," concluded the *Guardian* triumphantly.

And on Tuesday Mr. Cummings in the *News Chronicle* bracketed the *Daily Worker* and the *N.S. & N.* as the "only two British journals to say a good word for [the pamphlet]," thereby overlooking *Reynold's News* and the *Sunday Pictorial*.

AUTOLYCUS

Framboesia in Bali

LIKE a thin open wound, the red sandstone airstrip bled into remote dense forests. The propellers stopped. That peculiarly still silence which follows was broken by a now audible conversation between two of my fellow-travellers, in which the two words framboesia and Bali kept recurring. Obviously, I thought, they were Indonesians who hoped to recapture the careless rapture of Bali. And framboesia? An exotic drink? A new night club? The conversation ended as a crowd of Customs officials approached. The word framboesia slipped from my mind.

Later I discovered that framboesia was a beautiful word describing a very ugly disease, sometimes known as "Yaws." It takes many forms, including the raspberry-like excrescences which give it its name. It causes roughened, patchy skin, running sores, and considerable destruction of skin and swollen bone. As the sores heal, the scar tissue will often contract to such a degree that it locks a joint in a particular position. It is highly infectious, transferred by direct contact. It is very common in parts of Bali; in an island off the south coast, Noesa Penida, there is sometimes as high an incidence as 70 per cent. of the population.

My two aeroplane passengers proved to be officials planning the systematic effort which the Indonesian Government is now making in conjunction with Unicef to get rid of this disease. Their first campaign is still going on in Jogjakarta, where I spent a day with a framboesia team.

We started off early one morning—our three trucks contriving a kind of tight-rope performance as they travelled along the narrow dirt-tracks across miles and miles of paddy fields. The party consisted of a team of nine medical workers led by Dr. Kodiat, the inspiration of the campaign, and his devoted assistant, Doctor Sardadi. Our transport, equipment and supply of penicillin were supplied by Unicef and the W.H.O. The personnel were all Indonesians. At last we came to the village. The Headman greeted us in a small bamboo hall. Men, women and children were there with the small white cards given them a week earlier by a team of nurses who had made a thorough inspection of the population. The Headman spoke for a few minutes, expressing his desire for a healthy village. The Doctor followed, explaining that people could be cured with two injections of penicillin. He ended his speech with the words, "And you will all come back for a second dose, the day after to-morrow?" "Yes, we'll come," they shouted with the excitement of an English crowd advised that their next ration of meat would be doubled.

The treatment began. One by one, people came forward as their names were called. Their identity was checked by two local officials sitting at a table under a clump of bamboo and banana trees. Then the patients queued up to have their penicillin injections; they had framboesia in all kinds of stages, with scars of all sizes. The worst example was a small child whose nose and mouth were already rotting away. When the tropical sun seemed to scorch the earth, we found that 117 out of 120 had answered the penicillin roll-call. We found two more just packing up in the tiny market; the third had found a family feast too great a temptation to resist even for a penicillin injection. Finally, we packed up the equipment, ate *rijsttafel* and talked about the coming framboesia campaign in Bali. Dr. Kodiat told us of research work on the problem of reinfection, of the need for a different diet and better hygiene. To date, he said 60,000 people have been treated. To extend the campaign over a population of 12 millions, which is what Unicef proposes to do, will involve a trained para-medical personnel of 400 people, and a minimum of 8 to 10 doctors, all of them working full-time. Plus, of course, additional administrative staff—all of which are difficult in Indonesia to-day. Such a scheme will take some years. But the campaign in Bali begins within the next few weeks, and one morning in July a motorboat will start off from a small port carrying doctors, nurses and supplies of penicillin for Noesa Penida.

Meanwhile, tourists in Bali come and go. They see the dances arranged for them by the steamship company; they visit the painters, the wood carvers, the silver-jewellers, the thousands of Hindu temples, the extravagantly beautiful mountain landscapes. They will stare at, though (by recent Presidential decree) they may not photograph, the bare-breasted Balinese women who mend the roads, paint the houses, cement the sewage pipes and make furniture. It is unlikely that their Dutch guides will point out the hundreds of small schools where devoted teachers combat illiteracy in the nation-wide effort of this eighteen-months-old Republic to raise the standard of education. And it is even more unlikely that they will ever hear the word framboesia.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

The Arts and Entertainment

REBUILDING THE CITY

IN the glass-roofed *cortile* of the Royal Exchange, warded by some of the few genuine beadles left in London (cloak, cape, tricorne and staff complete) is a small exhibition designed to show how things stand in regard to rebuilding the City. Easily scanned, the exhibition is worth ten minutes if you can spare another thirty to look round the blitz sites—"declaratory areas" to the planner—and imagine how things will look if the projects shown in the exhibition become realities. The basis of it all is the Report presented to the Corporation by C. H. Holden and W. G. Holford in 1947 and later accepted in principle. This document, now out of print, has lately reappeared as the appendix to an admirable book dealing with the whole subject of the blitzed city and its future.* The Report is likely to prove a critical document in the history of London. Unlike many of its kind, it declines to apply planning principles other than those which can be wrested from the problem itself. London City is unique: an over-populated, non-residential ant-heap. But "there is a functional pattern even in an ant-heap" say the planners, and their object has been to trim and re-cast the ant-heap in consonance with its own pattern—to make it function adequately and to bring out the visual character already inherent in this pattern.

The result is a plan offering no dramatic strokes of urbanism, a plan as remote from Le Corbusier as from Haussmann, and, at first sight, disappointingly cautious. In fact, however, the proposals are imaginative and far-reaching, and include two new West-East arteries built on two levels, the more northerly of the two having an intermediate "shelf" for car parking and an upper deck arriving (in the long-term version of the plan) on the roof of Liverpool Street station. In addition, large new traffic roundabouts or *places* are formed at Ludgate Circus, at the north-east corner of St. Paul's, at the junction of Queen Victoria Street and Cannon Street, and elsewhere, while new building-lines are proposed for many of the main traffic routes of the City.

The visual character of the rebuilding will be determined by two main considerations. First, the careful eliciting of pictorial effect wherever "capabilities" are discerned by the planners (the empiricism of the eighteenth-century landscape gardeners is irresistibly recalled); and, second, the actual design of the new buildings, as and when they make their appearance.

As to the first, some of the best opportunities come in the setting-off of historic buildings. St. Paul's will benefit enormously from the extension of its "precinct" as far south as Carter Lane, which means that the monster warehouse still blocking the southern aspect will go. Wren's almost perfect transeptal elevation (so much finer than the west front, spoilt by the lateral pull of the two towers) will be gloriously visible. In addition, there is a stepped processional way from the transept down to the river—the plan's only concession to anything approaching a vista. It will be agreeable, but perhaps not as striking as it seems on paper.

The second consideration affecting the future City's appearance, the character of the buildings themselves, is largely unpredictable. The City has powers to exercise control, but everybody knows by now the barren futility of the "controlled elevation." The fundamentals of good city-block building, æsthetic as well as practical, are intelligent site-planning, the avoidance of

* *The City of London: A Record of Destruction and Survival. Architectural Press.* 25s.

inner courts and the regulation of heights, and it is here that control can be most effective. The pleasantness or otherwise of the window pattern must depend in the last resort on the abilities of the architects who get the jobs.

Already £18 m. worth of work is in hand in the City. Huge fenestrated cliffs are rising at Holborn Viaduct, in Lothbury and Mincing Lane, and in the Royal Exchange exhibition are prophetic drawings of more to come. Neither the buildings nor the drawings inspire one with a passionate longing for the issue of further licences, but there is a possibility that, say, one building in twelve will be worth looking at. Indeed, there is a block in Bridewell Place, off New Bridge Street, which looks like being the pick of the first dozen.

If the Corporation remains loyal to the Holden-Holford Plan there is a fair prospect of the City becoming one of the beautiful curiosities of the world. Sit for a moment with the typists and bank messengers in the new St. Paul's Garden (the Corporation's handsome contribution to Festival year). Imagine such gardens, with little splashing fountains, carpeting many an antic corner of the rejuvenated jig-saw. Imagine the flight of traffic at house-top level, imagine the Monument rising from the paved forecourt of an Underground station. Imagine, in fact, a union of the practical and picturesque which foreigners will have every right to call "very English," without being in the least unkind.

JOHN SUMMERSON

MR. SPENDER'S ISLAND

To the first half of Mr. Stephen Spender's play *To the Island* I listened with great absorption and pleasure. Its subject is the great political and moral question of our time, the struggle between absolute value and political expediency. Being a poet, Mr. Spender does not argue the case, he feels it; he feels it passionately and has developed over the years a language which adequately and most movingly expresses it. The power and passion of the poetry are strong enough to carry the play by themselves a long way. But with a poet of Mr. Spender's gifts that really goes without saying. As so often nowadays in poetic drama (it used to be the other way round) it is not with the poetry but with the drama that the questioning begins. The fable which Mr. Spender has invented doesn't really come to life; and by about half way we realise that it isn't going to; the third act finally clinches the matter.

Yet the story should, on the face of it, be quite suitable for the poet's purpose. A romantically idealistic young man, Oliver, throws in his lot with the revolutionaries on an island of which his father is the overlord. The leader of the revolutionaries, the mayor of the island, is the same kind of idealist as the young man, believing that even in a revolutionary situation values still hold. But before Oliver arrives on the scene, the revolution has already been taken over by the professionals, under the leadership of a foreign commissar, who allots to Oliver the task of killing the mayor. It is here that the story begins to lose conviction and it grows more unconvincing as it goes on. Since this is the hub of the action, it seems to me that the previous act and a half should have been concentrated on making this action probable in a more specific and less generalised way. Altogether the story, as Mr. Spender conducts it, has too many branches. There is the young man's struggle against his own family; there is the larger issue of the revolution itself and the change in its nature. There is the young man's struggle with his own conscience, and the shooting. But thrown in as well for good measure there is the young wife whom he has just married and who in the course of these events goes off with one of the revolutionary officers. This is much too much for the short duration of a play.

Nor, I must confess, do I think that the poetry, beautiful though so much of it is, is really *dramatic* poetry. It flows round this series of events, commenting on them and illuminating them with flashes of imagery and of insight. What it doesn't seem to me to do is to animate them. It doesn't bring the people to life or bring them in conflict with one another. They are not even, the people in his story, mouthpieces for ideas. They haven't even that degree of livingness; and this may be because the poetry lacks two of the essential dramatic elements, the rhetorical and the dialectic. It is reflective, descriptive, exploratory. But it seems to be more of a running commentary on the play than the impulse of the play itself.

It was enterprising of the Oxford Playhouse to put a play of this difficulty into their repertory; and it is something to have achieved in so short a time almost complete word perfection. If the acting (except for the producer, Mr. Frank Shelley's own performance) was really rather indifferent, production of plays is the only way in which inexperienced writers can learn. After seeing *To the Island* on the stage, Mr. Spender will be able to remedy certain obvious mistakes. The short rhyming passages for the young captain, for instance, seemed "jokey" rather than humorous. It is surely a mistake in the third act to alter the whole plane on which the play has previously been written, by turning the two guards into "eternal" instead of realistic figures, and their electronic gun is decidedly an irrelevance. But whether changes like these will be enough to make the play really workable in a better acted production without a whole-scale recasting, I rather wonder. The poetic mind (and Mr. Spender's surely belongs to this order) transforms the particular into the general, whereas the fictive mind breaks down generalities into a series of particulars. The overall plan of this play may be well enough but what is missing is just this series of particulars expressed in small scenes and actions. In any case I feel sure that the story should be drastically reduced in length and considerably filled out in detail.

T. C. WORSLEY

AT CHELTENHAM AND GLYNDEBOURNE

WHAT is to be said about the Easdale-Guthrie opera which was the main novelty during the second week of the Cheltenham Festival? Perhaps silence would be kindest: let sleeping children lie! Yet something about this monumental failure seems to provoke discussion. There is the question of the English Opera Group and its curious balance of orchestral forces, which even Britten cannot always handle successfully. And there is the larger and perennial mystery of the English opera composer and his strange taste in libretti. Why is it that a musician who will choose first-rate poetry for his songs is ready to accept any sort of nonsense as the basis for an opera?

This is not a new phenomenon. At Cheltenham *The Sleeping Children* was preceded by Gustav Holst's last opera, *The Wandering Scholar*. This one-act piece contains some pretty music and some ingenious characterization; but our patience is tried by a silly plot, some childish antics with a fat monk and a ladder, and a general atmosphere of high school charades. In *The Sleeping Children* we encounter folly of a different brand. A triangular situation is postulated between three people who appear to be quite commonplace: a Headmaster, his wife and an assistant master. The dramatic treatment varies between a flat realism and the kind of solemn expressionistic manner which was in vogue in Germany in the 1920's, with the characters doggedly exteriorising their interior monologues in pools of light on a dark stage. Additional monologues are contributed by a Matron and a School Janitor; while at the back of the stage, like a section cut out of a Stanley Spencer churchyard, lie the Sleeping Children themselves, who never positively get up—not even on Founder's Day—but react uneasily to the predicaments of their elders. Thus Symbolism is added to the theatrical mixture. There is a physical struggle, how "real" I am not quite sure, between the rival schoolmasters; the weather gets worse, then improves; the lovers go off to "a new life", leaving Matron and the Headmaster to carry on the school. That is about all, and it is plain that no composer on earth could have done much with such a theme, though something more memorable might have been found for the occasional lyrical moments, and a more experienced hand would have avoided two technical faults: monotony of pace and the constant obscuring of the words by the orchestra. It must be added that, under Norman del Mar, the opera received a good performance, and that Raymond Nilsson was outstanding in the difficult part of the Headmaster.

At Glyndebourne there is a new production of *Don Giovanni* with a decor by John Piper. His costumes are beautiful; and some of his sets, notably the churchyard and the dark courtyard in which the Sextet is sung, splendidly reinforce the mysterious element in this strangest of *opere buffe*; sometimes, however, he overcrowds his stage, and his statue is insufficiently marmoreal. The performance is thoroughly enjoyable, without quite equalling the best Glyndebourne standards; on the first night, for instance, the

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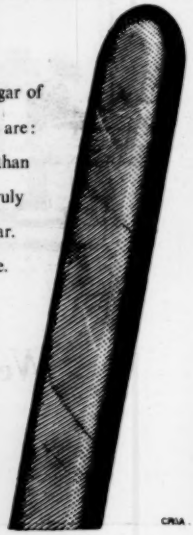

BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED CRIA.

string playing was frequently ragged. On the stage there was one artist of outstanding quality; this was Suzanne Danco, than whom more sensuously beautiful Elviras have doubtless been heard, but no purer Mozartian stylist: one wondered how Leporello (Alois Pernerstorfer) could sing so grossly in her presence. Mario Petri, the handsomest Don I can recall, has a vivid dramatic presence and declaims the recitatives with considerable point and subtlety. At present his voice coarsens under pressure; it is true that he contrived to make an exciting effect with the Champagne Song and in the final scene, but, when a pure legato is called for, he falls back on seductive crooning. With an improved vocal style and technique, he could probably make himself into the best Don Giovanni of our day; but I dare say he will be snapped up instead by Hollywood or its Italian equivalent.

* * *

Arnold Schönberg, who died last week in Los Angeles at the age of 76, had been for most of his life, like Roebuck Ramsden, "the most advanced man living." His position resembled that of James Joyce, but he had reached the stage of *Finnegan's Wake* by the middle of his career, some thirty years ago. He invented a curious system of composition in which the twelve notes of the chromatic scale have to be used in a predetermined sequence; but in practice so many transpositions, inversions and variations are allowed that the sequence, and therefore the design, remain imperceptible to the listener. Consequently the public, who had been rather disposed to enjoy the luscious Romantic style of his early music, found most of his later works either impenetrable or eccentric. But on many younger composers in all countries his uncompromising idealism and his inspiring personality as a teacher made a profound impression; and among his devoted pupils there was at least one man of genius. It looks as though the greatest achievements of Schönbergian music will prove to be *Wozzeck* and the Violin Concerto of Alban Berg.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"No Resting Place," at the Rialto
"Home of Your Own," at the Telecinema
"Calling Bulldog Drummond," at the Empire

That after so many years Mr. Paul Rotha, almost as severe a documentarist as Mr. Grierson himself, should have ventured upon a feature film, it itself an occasion. Not that he has shown any timidity in the attempt: *No Resting Place* is a forthright, sound, handsome piece of workmanship. It has been fashioned after the tradition that produced *Farrébique* and *Louisiana Story*; and if less successful than they, it worthily—and rather more than worthily—upholds the tradition. Place, then, comes first in importance: Mr. Rotha took all his scenes in Wicklow, and it is Wicklow we shall remember weeks after seeing the film. Feeling as well as skill has gone to its creation. The people belong to the landscape, tinkers for the most part, driving their carts up the hard roads, camping by the wayside, rowing with police and gamekeepers, and occupying perhaps tumbledown cottages from which they will be evicted. Mr. Rotha takes a romantic view of them (as who, in these days, would not?), but his detail is harsh. They are likeable and suspicious and feckless; they suffer uncomplainingly; they may commit murder; and if law-abiding country folk aren't against them their attitude is likely to make them so. One family in particular we get to know and to love; the father (Michael Gough) has a devil-may-care sloppy charm, the mother (Eithne Dunne) is an angel and dies, and there's a boy out of *Bicycle Thieves* to soften the end. How well these Irish actors act, and how well the script-writer has served them and the director manipulated, may be gauged from the fact that never once do they appear at odds with their surroundings. This in itself is an achievement. With most films that risk a genuine background one is frightfully aware of the fake figures set against it: I must admit that, in such cases, I shut my eyes and ears to what is supposed to be going on, and stare into the distance. Many unpromising hours in the cinema have thus become tolerable to me.

Mr. Rotha's film requires no such artfulness in the beholder. Its weakness, which might have been prophesied, is that, having achieved his main object—the establishment of certain characters in their surroundings—he has miscalculated a little the violence with which they are kept going. How much story to let in is always a problem with the venturesome documentarist: Mr. Rotha has let in a good deal—murder, the tracking-down, the final capture—and then damped it so that sometimes, as the tinker goes singing down the lane or cutting a field for a laid-up farmer, we may forget that he is being hunted and merely enjoy the picture before our eyes. *No Resting Place*, in fact, bites off in the way of drama just a little more than it can chew. The intransigent Guard and the reckless tinker make a good opposition, their hatreds are vivid, but the tragedy that should eventuate when the tinker is finally pinned down never comes about. He is led away, and it is left to us to reflect, "How tragic."

Straight documentary brings a hopeful little piece about a bricklayer dumped in greyest Willesden who finds his way to a job and a house in the "new town" of Hemel Hempstead. *Home of Your Own* is very decently done, and the glimpses of the new town—a vast improvement on the old council cottages—seem decent enough, too. Decency indeed radiates from this as from so many other sponsored films. One likes them; one is interested; one is left vaguely gratified and optimistic; but where the tough realism with which documentary made its name? Where, in fact, at the tag end of government departments, Grierson and Rotha?

Monday, 10 a.m., Leicester Square. The Bulldog's fans wait in the sunlight to go into the mighty Empire. There, curiously Americanised, their hero resurrects in the person of Walter Pidgeon, and with him a whole lost world of cheating at cards, keeping pigs, helping Scotland Yard out of a mess, getting tied up and left long enough to escape, and all the rest of it. Moving breathlessly with the times, the Bulldog now evinces "a great admiration for the modern woman, and all she stands for."

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

John Bull's Other Island is one of the more obviously dated of Shaw's plays. For a century we were obsessed, divided, rallied, exacerbated by Ireland; now that she is Eire, the dominant English attitude towards her is that complete lack of interest usually reserved for the remoter parts of the colonial empire. Whether Shaw's play will be successful to-day, then, will depend on whether we find the characters transcend the historical situation they dramatise. After Mr. Esmé Percy's production in the Third the other day, it seems to me that they do—with one important exception. Larry Doyle, the Irishman who has repudiated Ireland though he can never escape from her, we may interpret if we wish in terms of Shaw himself, or of Joyce, for that matter; and Keegan, the voice of what for want of a better word we may call Shaw's mysticism, remains of absorbing interest. The exception is the Englishman Broadbent, delightfully played, by the way, by Mr. Ronald Simpson. Here Shaw was the victim of his incorrigible professional Irishness, which prevented his conceiving any Englishman, when the emphasis was on nationality, as other than a figure of fun. And Broadbent appears more than ever as something in the nature of the comic stooge, the good "turn," in the music hall sense, now that his political preoccupations have become ancient history. Radio, by appealing to a single sense, often gives us a work that exists in the same relation to the original stage play as an X-ray photograph does to the human body: it is merciless to defects in structure.

And this points to one of the difficulties of radio itself, as a vehicle for serious writing. In a way, radio-writing, to be successful, must be better than we can normally have a right to expect. Take Mr. Laurie Lee's *The Voyage of Magellan*, which has very properly found a place in the permanent repertory of broadcasting. It has many virtues. The verse has great visual clarity and, moreover, has been written for the ear. It is a pleasure to listen to for a time. There's the rub. *The Voyage of Magellan* is crowded with incident; and yet it never achieves sustained dramatic interest; it is a narrative poem for acting rather than a play. Mr. Lee has, of course, been governed partly by his material, but also, I think, by a misconception of the nature of the medium. The listener cannot see the action; therefore he is blind; therefore Mr. Lee invents a blind beggar to whom the action can be reported and described, with dramatic interludes. As a technical device, this compels him to rely overmuch on a narrator, always an undramatic figure, though Mr. Lee does his best to compensate for this by using the blind beggar as a chorus to the action. Here I do not think he succeeds, for the blind man is too patently a device. I have no doubt it made it easier for Mr. Lee to write his programme, but it seems to me that it is still so much scaffolding that ought to have been removed at a later stage in the writing. For in fact the listener, though he cannot see the action, takes his blindness for granted; he ignores it; and the radio-writer must ignore it, too. The æsthetics of radio is uncharted ground; but I suspect that the objections to *The Voyage of Magellan* are æsthetic ones.

WILLIAM SALTER

"The Cradle Will Rock," at the Unity Theatre

Skilled and drilled ferocity sustains this slight piece of raw sociology (a "play to music" by Marc Blitzstein), and almost drowns its sentimentality. A prostitute in an American steel-works town, beautifully played by Nita Leader, finds herself under lock and key in the nightcourt (because she "wouldn't say yes to a Cop") with the local Liberty Committee, which has got itself mixed up in a labour riot. The Liberty

THE WRITER'S HAND

No more interesting light is shed on celebrated authors than by the appearance of their manuscripts. The originals of famous works in the *Festival Exhibition of Books* display an impressive variety of style—the crabbed hand of Locke, the assurance of Boswell, the much-scored pages of Byron, the methodical fluency of Dickens, the unruffled continuity of Morris, and the corrected tidiness of a Priestley typescript.

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Radio

Broadcasts in English by Warsaw Radio are as follows :—

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7.50 p.m to 8.20 p.m. on 31.495 m.
7.15 p.m. to 7.45 p.m. on 31.35 m.
10.15 p.m. to 10.45 p.m. on 31.35 m.

Committee comprises all the leading Babbitts (doctor, parson, schoolmaster, etc.) who, as yes-men to the steel magnate, have an affinity with the prostitute which the audience is allowed no opportunity of missing. They sit together on a darkened half of the stage (providing an intermittent chorus), while their individual stories of social treachery are enacted on the other half. It is done mostly in minor-key chanting, to a pounding, rhythmic piano accompaniment like a set of lugubrious variations on "Frankie and Johnny"—tirelessly played by Maria Pouschka, a remarkable performer. Not for one instant is the attention allowed to wander. Notionally as naive as a negro spiritual, this play is nevertheless experimental theatre of a welcome kind and well worth a visit. The cast is uniformly good, and Mr. John Spag's production can only be called superb. C. H. R.

Graham Sutherland, at the Hanover Gallery

These forty paintings and sketches give us an opportunity of understanding Sutherland's real achievement. He is not, in any general sense, an accomplished draughtsman; there was some weak drawing in the Maugham portrait. Nor is he really a profound colourist. But he is a visionary, poetic painter of some power. Working clumsily and with considerable difficulty he has found, refined, and made intelligible to us a series of visual images which have now become the independent elements of a self-contained world. Several of these new pictures are of upright forms on pedestals in a garden or landscape. These forms are solid and look real, despite the fact that nothing like them exists in the actual world, that their construction is imaginary, and that their component parts derive from his previous discovery of quite separate landscape and plant formations. Yet so acute is his imagination and his insight into the mystery of scale, that these parts retain their strange meaning even though removed from their original and more logical contexts. In fact, these forms stand on their pedestals as trophies of the imaginative exploration of an aspect of nature which Sutherland has not only made himself but which he has also forced us to make. His new paintings of roses are quite pleasant but his vision of them is as yet undeveloped; the images neither realistic nor significantly poetic. His paintings of the human form (not his portraits) are unsatisfactory because they lack the minimum objectivity necessary. J. B.

"Late Joys and Later Gaieties," at the Players' Amphitheatre

Theatrical reminiscence, wrote Sir Max Beerbohm, "is the most awful weapon in the armoury of old age." This statement is disputed at the Players, where a charming Edwardian novelty has replaced the latter half of the customary music hall programme. Under the guidance of Miss Ruby Miller, the company makes an excursion into the golden age of English musical comedy. Billycocks and the chairman's hammer yield to white gloves and ostrich fans. In place of Wilkie Bard and "The Fireman's Wedding" we have the Gaiety and *Our Miss Gibbs*. Miss Miller proves an admirable mistress of ceremonies. She not only sings Evelyn Laye's song, "I Want a Boy With a Strong, Strong Will," but she is entirely undaunted by her amazing link-up script. The youthful cast mouth surprise and delight as she tells them of the splendours of the Stage Door Johnnies and the Royal Enclosure of 1910. The songs are a delightful reminder that Shaftesbury Avenue once held its own with Broadway. If Miss Hattie Jacques's "Moonstruck" ("I'm such a silly when the moon comes out") will hardly allow her older listeners to recall the sylph that was Gertie Millar, Miss Charlotte Bidmead singing "Take Me for a Game of Golf, Take Me for a Walk" evokes the graceful vision that was Phyllis Dare. An entrancing evening, which deserves wider repetition elsewhere.
J. N. B. R.

FESTIVAL NOTES

Orlando's Silver Wedding, at the Festival Gardens Amphitheatre

Orlando fanciers really needn't worry. From the moment the curtain goes up on the Marmalade Cat and family writing invitations to the Silver Wedding, it is clear that nobody has murdered a heavenly story in the interests of ballet. Here are Pansy and Blanche in their gym-dresses, and Tinkle in his yellow blazer. Here are catkins at the windows and Mr. Cattermole's shop next door—exactly as in the book, and no wonder, because Kathleen Hale has done the scenery and dresses as well as writing new lyrics. For this is a ballet with song and words. The cats dance their way, with plenty of *entrechats*, a superb tango, and a final whirling polka, through the dramatic plot—the catnapping of Orlando, his rescue by Grace on a bicycle in a really Audenesque scene involving a baby's cot and a black nurse in a straw boater—to the accompaniment of well-chosen song and recitative. Grace, a forlorn Penelope, is wooed by the Dandy, the Spiv, the Burglar and the Oriental to an adaptation of *Oh, no John, no;* and Tinkle (ordering detective disguises from Mr. Cattermole) is allowed to utter the most pregnant words in modern children's literature: "Farver will pay."

Andrée Howard's choreography shows her firm grasp of the truth that cats are obviously ballet dancers; Harold Turner and Sonya Hana lead a company that as surely proves ballet dancers can be cats. For the last absurdity of this delightful entertainment is that humans are acting cats who are—in some ways anyway—acting humans. The Group Theatre deserve every credit for putting on the best sixpennyworth of entertainment in the Gardens. J. A. S.

International Poster Exhibition, Victoria Embankment Gardens

On a fine day it is worth getting out at Charing Cross to walk round and look at these 280 posters from 17 European countries. They are well shown and well selected. The Iron Curtain has been ignored and Europe for once considered as a proper whole. Some of them are specialised and highbrow, advertising exhibitions and museums, but many are posters in the ordinary sense of the word—though of course in better taste than the dismal average. Yet it is easy to be precious about the subject. The good poster is not designed to be studied in abstract isolation, but to be seen in passing, to belong to the world of rattling trams, neon lights, scribbled moustaches and fly-posting. It is more likely that a tart will lean against it than that an aesthete will go back to look at it twice. And so, however trim, it must have about it an indefinably metropolitan sense of wit and *savoir faire*. In this exhibition all the French ones have this quality (including a Matisse) and to a lesser extent some of the Polish and Italian ones. The good taste, the neatness and the jokes of most of the others look suburban by comparison. Perhaps the best is a Polish poster announcing a Chopin festival, but all are interesting in the way that they reveal certain national characteristics: the slick shopkeeper's idealism of the Swiss, the crude health of the Swedish, the severity of the German, the sentimental religiosity of the Spanish, the pretty tinsel of the Portuguese, the good sense of the Dutch, and the quite separate, poetic and often surrealist humour of the British. J. B.

Exhibition of Science, at South Kensington

Most of the Festival thunder has been stolen by the South Bank and the Battersea Gardens. The show in the Science Museum has largely escaped public notice. So for two shillings you can enjoy Festival Science undistracted by crowds or—since everything is indoors—weather. On entry one sees, from a gallery, a modern fairyland with decorative shapes based on the molecular structure of crystals, lights flashing to illustrate nuclear fission, and bizarre illuminated forms. The main theme is the nature of matter, living or non-living. In the first rooms one is required "to shrink like Alice in Wonderland," as a pencil and paper, at first shown in their normal size, are displayed in progressively smaller detail, until one sees the very atoms of which the pencil lead is made. There follow the chemical elements, the way in which the earth's crust is made up of them, and then the analysis of atoms—a theme giving an opportunity for some excellent animated displays. The other main section is on the structure of living things, and here the narrative, which the visitor is supposed to follow systematically, breaks down. Three major groups of ideas can, however, be discerned. The first is the tracing of the chemical events involved in the metabolic flux of the living body; the second concerns the structure and function of the cells of which our tissues are made; the third is the analysis of brain function. Unfortunately these topics are inadequately captioned, and not sufficiently related to practical applications.

Correspondence

VILLAGE SCHOOLS

SIR,—In his article on Village Schools, Mr. R. A. Butler pleads for the retention of the school in the village in the face of the plans to give children their schooling in larger centres. His arguments, with one exception, are social, not educational.

The fact is that the village in England to-day is a survival of a different social and economic structure, now attempting to adapt itself to changed conditions. The pattern of English village life had its woof severely pulled about by the industrial and agricultural revolutions; but the coming of the internal combustion engine has ripped the warp right out of it. The life of the English countryside has been changing for the last hundred years, and is still changing. We may regret this, but we must recognise that it is happening.

What Mr. Butler and those who think with him are rightly anxious to do is to preserve the values which still exist in the English village—the intimacy and interest of a small community, closely concerned with man's primary industry, the production of food from the land. I myself was brought up in a country village, now live in one, and am most sensible of these values. But if the small village school is to be enlisted in the preservation of these values, the reasons for its retention must be soundly educational.

What then, are the educational arguments? Should children aged 7-11 be taught in a small school in their own village or in a larger school in a neighbouring one? In my work as an Inspector of Schools in a predominantly rural area, I have had a good opportunity to see both types of school, and to assess their relative value. Which provides the better education?

The answer is quite simple—it depends on the teacher. The living influence of the teacher, in any education which is to be a preparation for life, is bound to be vital. That is where Mr. Butler is right in what he says about the influence of the Scottish dominie. I am at one with him in believing it important that a personal influence should be exerted by the teacher and derived by the pupil. But what, in fact, is the position?

Single-teacher schools in rural England, with a couple of dozen children between the ages of 5 and 11, can be either the heaven or the hell of educational provision. The best—where a devoted and skilful teacher, with an individual knowledge of the children and of their parents, gives both a good academic standard and an excellent moral training in a happy family atmosphere—are among the most charming and satisfactory schools in the world. But the worst, where an indifferent teacher goes through the motions of giving instruction, with neither insight, imagination nor dedication, leaves the children helpless and with a miserable start in life. Thus one cannot say "The small village school is bad" or "The small village school is good"—it all depends on the teacher.

What of the larger school, to which children go from neighbouring villages? It would probably be fair to say that in them you tend to get neither the height nor the depth of the small village schools. In the bad village school, there is no escape; the larger school often carries a weak teacher, but the general standard is not usually bad, and many are good; the attractiveness of the post of head in such schools means that heads of a much better calibre are obtained. For this is the other factor which is often overlooked in talking of the village schools—the difficulty of staffing them. This is the real crux of the whole problem—teachers do not *want* to go and teach in these small, remote schools. Could one be sure of obtaining the best teachers, or even teachers of a minimum standard, in the small village schools, there would be a strong argument for retaining them. As there is no likelihood of such an assurance, it overwhelmingly reinforces the other arguments put forward for the larger school—especially the provision of a greater general stimulus, particularly in "drawing" the abler child who should go to the grammar school. Nor can the saving of teachers be ignored—not only in their salaries but in their total number—a most important consideration, in view of the continuing desperate shortage of teachers—a shortage underlined by the recent report of the Advisory Council on the Supply and Training of Teachers, and by the fact that at the moment of writing there are 850 training college places still unfilled for next October.

Two points in your observations on Mr. Butler's article call for comment. You say: "In the case of many church schools . . . educational standards are so low that the scholarship chances for the bright child are seriously reduced." If you substitute "small" for "church," I would agree. The lowness of the standard does not spring from a school being a church school, but from there being a poor teacher—the provision of books and teaching equipment is the same in the church school as in the county school.

Secondly, you say: "Surely the trouble is that in too many cases the distinctive character (of these villages) was feudal, and the moral influence extremely narrowing." The full title of the church society which gave rise to so many of these small village schools, was *The National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church*. It is also not without interest that those who argue for the retention of the school in the village, went out of the village for their own schooling, and send their own children to school out of the village. Mr. Butler is in this category.

The conclusion is clear—teaching and teachers are more important than buildings, Development Plans and organisation. It is in the training of teachers, both in college and afterwards, that the real field for educational advance lies. It is to be hoped that the new Institutes of Education, associated with the Universities, will have a decisive effect in raising the standard.

COUNTY INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS

THE ORCHESTRA SPEAKS

SIR,—While maintaining a reasonable impartiality, C. H. Rolph succeeded in his article in presenting the L.P.O. case justly and effectively. If I quarrel at all with him it is over his willingness to throw away the principle of municipal support for orchestras because, with the L.C.C., it is working out so regrettably. I agree, of course, that there must be thousands of people who, even in these days, can spare ten shillings a year to guarantee the existence of their favourite symphony orchestra; this is why we have launched our Appeal Fund which aims at precisely that. It is worth mentioning, too, that if these gifts of ten shillings are properly guaranteed for seven years, the value of the gift to the L.P.O. is almost doubled.

But this does not mean that we can dispense with civic help. It is the intelligent and organised way of dealing with such matters nowadays, and orchestras should not have to spend a large part of their time begging for their living when, as Mr. Rolph suggests, they should be getting on with the music. Let us therefore keep up the pressure on our civic authorities, dealing with odd items of witch-hunting in the process, even while we ask the public to cover the ground for the time being. And if, when the L.C.C. grant is restored to the L.P.O., as it must in all justice be, the Orchestra has a long list of annual subscribers, our efforts will not have been wasted. Our leading orchestras have to catch up after years of poverty, and they all have admirable schemes for the betterment of music which the official mind will not yet be ready to sponsor. With help from all sides, we shall be able to plan ahead with confidence, and achieve a standard of performance not yet heard from our native players.

L.P.O. Council. J. B. PRIESTLEY, *Chairman*

TIRESIAS

SIR,—Mr. Richard Johnson's criticism of *Tiresias* calls for comment—or rather for flat contradiction which, in this case, is what it will obtain. In my opinion, and in that of other people qualified to judge, *Tiresias* is the most interesting and complete of modern ballets (and, by recent, I mean to indicate works of the last fifteen years). Its virtue is that it is continuously interesting throughout (though, as in the case of other works of art in their first stage, it may need light cutting). The whole ballet is superbly of one piece. Mr. Lambert's music is always melodious,

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moving, suited to the theme, and its texture, as we should expect, is most agreeable. The choreography is unusually ingenious, full of surprises and delights and often beautiful, and the Cretan scenes and costumes of Isabel Lambert are particularly splendid, imaginative and fascinating.

Finally, to contradict Mr. Richard Johnson once more, and where he most deserves it, may I express the hope that Covent Garden will now begin to employ such artists as Mrs. Lambert—if there are others at work who have the same wealth of ideas, the same spontaneity and the same ability to express them, and that the Directors will decide to afford such designers an opportunity for experience?

2 Carlyle Square, S.W.3. OSBERT SITWELL

DEGAS DANCERS

SIR,—Mr. Johnson's argument in his letter of July 14 is, to put it mildly, not without certain weaknesses. He has pointed out a couple of spelling mistakes and one erroneous date from the two large volumes published by M. Lafond on Degas, and on the strength of these has written off the author as unreliable. May I point out that the "irrefutable scholar," M. Lemoisne, is also liable to error. He has, for instance, placed "La Famille Mante" in the year 1889 whereas, through my interview with one of the sitters, I know it to have been painted in 1880. Does this invalidate M. Lemoisne's great work? Surely Mr. Johnson should be more consistent. In his quotation from my book Mr. Johnson conveniently omits M. Benois' "C'est *tres probable* que votre supposition soit juste. . ." and M. Grigorieff's "the movement and the costumes are definitely taken from the Gopak dance in the ballet 'Le Festin'." And finally, if he would read all Degas' published letters, Mr. Johnson would know better than to take the artist's words literally, for as early as 1896 Degas wrote "Tout est long pour un aveugle qui veut faire croire qu'il voit." LILLIAN BROWSE

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Evening Standard Book of the month
THE BODLEY HEAD

SOFT FRUIT

SIR,—At the end of last week, wholesalers in Aldershot were selling first-rate blackcurrants at 6d per lb. This means something less than 4d per lb to the grower. The picking cost lies between 2d and 2½d per lb and the container from 1½d to 2½d, depending on whether it is a 4 or 6lb chip or a one pound punnet. Therefore, by the time transport to the wholesaler is taken into account, there is a net loss on harvesting the crop, apart altogether from the growing, which is fairly expensive.

The silly part about this is that some four years ago the Government called for an increase in the acreage of soft fruit and, as far as I can ascertain from the latest figures, the total amount planted up is well under the figure called for for all soft fruit and the area of blackcurrants is very little above the required area for the crop. Since most of the new plantings are far from their maximum yield the prospect for next year looks worse than ever. GROWER

BERT BRECHT

SIR,—I hold no brief for or against Bert Brecht, whom I know reasonably well and whose work I hold in great respect. If I am now told by those on the spot that his dilemma has been solved by his decision to rewrite his opera *Lucullus* along new lines laid down by Pieck and Grotewohl, I must accept this statement although I must be permitted to regret the fact. But to try to make out, as is done by Frau Haase and my (one-time) friend and colleague John Peet, that no dilemma ever existed, is quite another matter. The facts, denied by neither correspondent, are that Brecht and Dessau wrote an opera with an unconditionally pacifist tendency. This opera was produced with the consent of the authorities (it could not have been produced otherwise), and taken off after the first night at the request of the authorities although, as Frau Haase confirms, it was an "overwhelming, undisputed success." The authors were then told by the Head of their State and his Government how to rewrite it to make it suitable for further production.

Everywhere in the world, except behind the Iron Curtain, this would place an artist in a dilemma, and most of all an artist with definite political views. Imagine Messrs. Attlee and Morrison calling Mr. Benjamin Britten to No. 10 Downing Street and ordering him to bring *Peter Grimes* in line with Transport House policy. Or conversely, remember the row over *Party Manners*. If Frau Haase and Mr. Peet get so exercised over my suggestion of the existence of such a dilemma, it merely shows how completely they and their friends have lost touch with Western conceptions of artistic and political freedom. In view of this, the chances of the unification of *all* German intellectuals for which Brecht is stated to be striving along with Zweig, Becher and others, would appear a little dim. PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

20 Wimbledon Close, London, S.W.20

THE GYPSY PROBLEM

SIR,—Mr. C. H. Rolph's attempt to grapple with "The Gypsy Problem," though interesting, ends on a rather misleading note which is unfair to gypsies and to many *Gorgios* who see the problem differently. To the latter, no "policy of emancipation" of gypsies could possibly be "deplorable." What is deplorable is the attempt, often made, at regimentation of the gypsies whose only desire is to enjoy the vestigial remnant of freedom which remains, plus even a vicarious enjoyment of that occasional wind on the heath. As for the "folky mumbo jumbo," this is long dead—except perhaps among ignoramuses. Its place has been taken by a very serious study of the difficult but very real folklore which exists, and of the most interesting oriental language still spoken by many gypsies in our midst, not to mention the ethnographic problems involved.

Many gypsies *prefer* to remain illiterate, and this has nothing to do with being "educable" or the contrary; for the average gypsy is certainly as intelligent as the average non-gypsy, but differs profoundly from the latter in that, rather than sacrifice even a little freedom, he will prefer to remain "uneducated" and illiterate. If in this country we wish to live up to our boasts of freedom, one of the very first things we should do is to give over all attempts to force gypsies into our pattern of life, and even encourage them to follow their own. What the gypsies wish to be emancipated from is busy-body interference and being driven from post to pillar in their insistence upon a very simple form of freedom—one which would harm nobody if they were given the right to use for their camps and communities some of the land now forbidden to them and serving only as unused acreage and often not even defendable as landscape. H. VAWSER

The Caravan,
Aberdaron,
N. Wales.

THE GENERAL STRIKE

SIR,—The reviewer of *The General Strike of 1926*, by John Murray, in your issue of July 7 quotes a statement, said to have been made by the late Lord Baldwin, that he "provoked a General Strike." Lord Baldwin of course never said or did anything of the sort. I have been able to trace the history of this lie.

The source of this particular falsehood is a book published by the Communist Party in September, 1926, entitled *The Political Meaning of the Great Strike*. The words quoted by your reviewer appear in this book as follows (page 126):

> Mr. Baldwin can now say: "I provoked a General Election in November, 1923. . . . I provoked a General Strike in 1926 as a means of demoralising trade union leaders and breaking up the unity of the unions which had become so manifest in 1925.

They are a fictitious statement put into Mr. Baldwin's mouth by the Communist author, and are in no sense a quotation from him.

In Mr. John Murray's book, however, the words are introduced as follows (page 199):

> . . . Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, who had already earned some reputation for blurting out embarrassing but truthful homilies, let out of the Conservative bag a most curious cat. Truculently he declared: "I provoked a General Election. . . .

Mr. Murray can only have found these words in the earlier book by Mr. Murphy, who (I must suppose) invented them. Mr. Murray should have been aware that Lord Baldwin never used them. SWINTON

House of Lords.

WALLABIES AND BISON

SIR,—I was interested to read in "London Diary" of the encounter of Critic's colleague on the Staffordshire Roaches with a herd of wild deer and "three Welsh cows and an immense, fortunately impassive, bison."

In February of this year I myself was walking on the Roaches when I saw moving across the snow in front of me what I took to be a kangaroo. This experience bothered me considerably at the time, and I imagined that the thinness of the upland air combined with the message of doom in that morning's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was telling on me. Later, however, I discovered to my relief that the creature I had seen was a wallaby—one of a colony which lived on the Roaches. This colony has sprung from a pair of wallabies which escaped several years ago from a private menagerie in Swythamley Park, near the Roaches.

The herd of red deer mentioned by Critic's colleague also lived originally in the private menagerie in Swythamley Park.

"The three Welsh cows and an immense . . . bison" are more difficult to explain unless we assume this to be a case of mistaken identity. Certainly there is a small herd of shaggy *Highland* cattle on the Roaches together with another former inhabitant of Swythamley Park—a yak! Possibly Critic's colleague, like myself when I first met them, did not stop long enough to determine the exact nationality of the cattle or to notice whether their companion was mumbling over his prayer-wheel or crooning sadly of his home in old Wyoming. D. H. BURT

Canal Side, Macclesfield.

[Critic writes: "After watching my colleague's efforts to draw (*a*) a bison, (*b*) a yak, I believe there is room for philosophic doubt as to the accuracy of his observation."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Books in General

ART was the religion of the Twenties; originality was its ritual. It was a time of calculated disorientation, of the impertinent even perverse occupation of new sites, a time of disconnection and energy in the arts. What would a total reconsideration of everything, from the word upwards, reveal? The result—as we glance back over the works of the period—was a good deal of physical glitter and exhibition and some pomposity; but, now time has ebbed away, some of the carefully constructed ruins of the time, remain impressive—in their strange way, like paralysed and abandoned machines, the works of Wyndham Lewis most curious of all. They do not rust or decay, no ivy grows about them, they cannot be used and have never been assimilated into the landscape; old block-busting guns and tanks skewed on the abandoned field, they stand still, fantastic without their thunder. Their interest lies in their massive detail, for their purpose has become academic; we wonder why such a rage was worked up in *The Apes of God*, why such electric flashes were sent out by *The Childermass;* until is dawns on us that these peculiar objects were laughter-machines, whose target was really less interesting or, at any rate, harder to define than the glorious noise they made.

I do not mean that Mr. Wyndham Lewis's thought-war was useless; apart from anything else it was provocative, and its attempt to recondition classicism was interesting, though it led to political folly. But every artist understands himself. Mr. Wyndham Lewis wrote of Tarr that the "curse of humour was on him, anchoring him at one end of the see-saw whose movement and contradiction was life", and that he was "a sort of quixotic dreamer of inverse illusions" who, unlike Quixote, "instead of having conceived the world as more chivalrous and marvellous than it was, had conceived it as emptied of all dignity, sense and generosity." It is the laughter that has remained and the curse has been removed from it. After twenty or thirty years *Tarr** is still an exposure of sentimental German romanticism—and ought to have warned Mr. Lewis and ourselves of the silly nastiness of Fascism—but it has become a considerable comic novel, a masterpiece of our time. It hangs round the company of Nashe, the Butler of *Hudibras*, the genial butchery of Smollett. Though it intellectualises in the cosmopolitan manner of the period, and does its best to look like a foreign book—and I suppose it might be called Welsh—it is restrained by the fundamental good sense, the lack of final intellectual cruelty, in our tradition.

The new note in *Tarr* was the notion of human relationships as subservient to the requirements of a new master-race, the artists, those distorted Martians, all eye and brain and the will to power. This brought back the physical grotesque to our comic writing. *Tarr* is theatrical in the Celtic way; it is the savage comedy of small things made large—hence the proper comparison with Swift. But when one critic in the Twenties called the portrait of Otto Kreisler "almost Dostoevskian" there was an unconscious exactness about the description, for we are reminded of the comic Dostoevsky in his short, westernised, civilised and expatriate phase, when he wrote *The Eternal Husband*. In a sense, Mr. Wyndham Lewis has always been an expatriate and that condition enormously stimulates the brain at the expense of feeling; yet perhaps the tendency to continual over-stimulus in his writing was only a new version of the Welsh obsession with fantastic verbal image and fantastic ideas. We can even imagine a Ph. D. thesis on his debt to Meredith. The common dangerous Germanic ingredients are obvious.

The early success of *Tarr* was partly due to its brilliant penetration of the German character at the right moment, after the first World War. The raw, beastly, foolish, mad and simple crybaby Otto Kreisler, the eternal hysterical student, is almost a tragic character. Lack of feeling on the author's part, Mr. Wyndham Lewis's high suggestibility, hold Kreisler back from the tragic apotheosis: he is ludicrous, detestable, pathetic. He comes, interestingly enough, very close to the character of the husband in Dostoevsky's western novel. The memory of the second world war revives the accidental interest of *Tarr*, but Otto Kreisler and Montparnasse are so far away by now, that they begin to have the picturesque, sentimental charm of an old-fashioned Bohemianism, rather than a disturbing psychological point. I would not undervalue the nostalgic quality *Tarr* has acquired in the course of a generation; but what strikes one still is that its originality in description, episode and attitude to character, is more than innovation. It is an enlargement of the novelist's means; a new territory has been subdued.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis's originality lies, of course in his use of a non-literary eye, the eye of the painter. He does not judge by experience, association, feeling or cogitation, before he has first considered all the physical implications of what he has physically seen. An eye, promoted in this way to an uncommon, even perverse position of power, becomes inevitably sardonic, expert in false, freakish, intuitive juxtapositions. It is almost certain to be brutally funny; it will sometimes hit upon important general truths. And so we get his gift for fresh generalisation:

> "Well then, well then, Alan Hobson—you scarecrow of an advanced fool farm—"
>
> "What is that?"
>
> "You voice-culture practitioner—"
>
> "I? My voice? But that's absurd! If my speech . . ."
>
> Hobson was up in arms about his voice although it was not his.
>
> Tarr needed a grimacing, tumultous mask for the face he had to cover. He had compared his clowning with Hobson's pierrotesque vanity; but Hobson, he considered, was a crowd. You could not say he was an individual, he was in fact a set. He sat there, a cultivated audience, with the aplomb and absence of self-consciousness of numbers . . .
>
> A distinguished absence of personality was Hobson's most personal characteristic.

The descriptions can be more precise, the more they are picturesque. Kreisler is shaving:

> His face, wearing, it is true, like a uniform the frowning fixity of the Prussian warrior, had a neglected look. The true Bismarckian Prussian would seek every day, by little acts of boorishness to keep fresh this trenchant attitude; like the German student with his weekly routine of duels which regimen is to keep courage simmering in times of peace . . .

A dancer:

> A rather congested, flushed and bespectacled young woman, her features set in a spasm of duty. It was a hungry sex in charge of a flustered automaton.

And, in action, the figures become as grotesque as clowns in a circus, enlarged by the coarse fancy of a child's eye:

> She crossed her legs. The cold grape-bloom mauve silk stockings ended in a dark slash each against her two snowy stallion thighs which they bisected, visible, one above the other, in naked expanses of tempting undercut, issuing from a dead-white foam of central lace worthy of the Can-Can exhibitionists of the tourist resorts of Paris-by-night.
>
> Tarr grinned with brisk appreciation of the big full-fledged baby's coquetry pointing the swinish moral under the rose and mock-modesty below stairs, and he blinked and blinked as if partly dazzled, his mohammedan eye did not refuse the conventional bait.

The descriptions of people, of places and scenes are often surpassed for gritty brilliance in *The Childermass* and *The Apes of God*; but in those books they are so piled on in the monotony of a morbid glitter that they kill their books. There is a heavy price to be paid for visual writing; the reward comes from something different—the visual point of view. Any ten pages are superb, but more than ten at a sitting are hard to endure. To blow up Bloomsbury was an excellent idea: to sit out the long persecution mania of a cold war was too much. But *Tarr* is a perfectly shaped and classical work. The characters are tried by what is, after all, the traditional and always rewarding test of their love affairs; and these are subjected to the scornful criticising of the brain. Like some repressed and arrogant savage, the brain is brought forward to make fun of the sogginess of human sentiment. Tarr does not apologise for being a two-girl man; he does not moralise, he does not torture himself, he is not even cynical. Human beings are enjoyed as the dangerous animals who are determined—whatever fairy tales they may tell themselves or others—to have their cake and eat it. They are dangerous because they dream, and dreams create an inflated physical world. Human nature is disgraceful; the only thing to be said for it is that it may produce a little, a very little, Art.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis's genius lies in his strange capacity to reduce mind to matter: "her lips were long hard bubbles . . . grown forward with ape-like intensity, they refused no emotion noisy egress if it got so far." Women for Kreisler are "vast dumping grounds for sorrow and affliction," huge pawnshops in which he deposits himself in exchange for "the gold of the human heart or any other gold that happened to be lying about." Anything in life which becomes unmanageable—*i.e.*, his failure as an artist—becomes converted into love. The pleasure of *Tarr* is that it wallows in the nature of the physical world: the butcher's shop provides many an analogy, not always coarse, indeed often comically delicate. The body is not respected; it is frequently insulted, especially if it is female,

* *Tarr*. First volume of Wyndham Lewis's Collected Novels. *Methuen*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

but the happiest love is where the laughter is loudest; on the other hand, it is recognised that we need a relief from the happiest love. We need—or at any rate Tarr in his sardonic way, and Kreisler in his suicidal way, need—something different from what we had before. The tail, when we become his characters, the eye men, is invariably wagging the dog. There lies the virtue and the strain of his hard-hearted genius; he carries the burden of his laughter which has tipped the scale against life. But in Kreisler cadging, scrounging, loving, fighting, crawling back, breaking up parties and ending in murder and suicide, he has created a permanent character. (The fact is he created Hitler.) It is a strange experience to put down a masterpiece in which one has had the impression of not only knowing the characters but of giving them a pinch all over to see if they were ready for the comic pot of life on earth.

V. S. PRITCHETT

HOME

Like swans alighting after distant flight
Daily we wake to life and on the pool's
Familiar world move calmly as before,
Almost oblivious of those death-like regions
Which are no less our home.
If now I wake
Where fingered books and furniture confine
An island world well colonised but small,
Washed by the city's regular commotion,
This island is my life, this wall a shore,
The traffic's tide, the milkman's round are Time.

Yet elsewhere it was dawn that roused the sleeper:
Alone at first in the valley's echoing bowl
For night's own sake the nightingale had sung—
A trickle of dark red music harsh as wine
Which, oozing into sleep, enriched his mind
With dream's refracted imagery, weird shapes
Infused by sounds. Dawn's baton rose on the rim,
And all the lesser choir struck up together,
Drowning that solo voice and flooding sleep,
So that the valley, overflowing, tingled
With discord and variety of song
Until the skylark's tremulous cadenza
Proclaimed a golden day.
This could be home:
The musical valley, foreign and remote,
Where goldfinch, thrush and linnet lightly tear
Time's fabric at the seams, their throbbing throats
Like measured heartbeats of the universe,
Natural clocks in harmony with the sun . . .
But self is limited by what it seeks
And, limitless, dissolves: here nothing linked
The landscape to the mind, but memories
Deeper than self's ephemeral disguise—
That wardrobe of identity and desire
Which is our wealth and armour for a while—
Vaguer even than sleep, fluid and vast.
Here mind dissolved in music and was lost.

Island or pool, the waking world of self
Grants room to love and build. The swans alight
After long voyages in limpid air,
Visions of archipelagos and oceans,
Immeasurable solitudes of space,
And leave behind their knowledge; calmly move
Within the bounds of day, the saving banks,
And though they fear no distance and no depth
Never too deeply dip their heads, but glide
On the reflecting surface frail as glass,
Inhabiting illusion.
Home is here
And in those regions which the swans have known,
Arctic or torrid regions where at last
The sleeper comes to rest, his dream consumed.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

LITERARY HISTORY

An Assessment of Twentieth Century Literature. By J. ISAACS. *Secker & Warburg*. 8*s* 6*d*.

"As a literary historian," says Mr. Isaacs, in his preface to this book, which is the text of a series of lectures delivered in the Third Programme last year, "I have tried to treat contemporary literature as seriously as I would Elizabethan or Augustan writing, bearing in mind the greater difficulty. . . ." By implication, the statement defines exactly both the virtues and limitations of his achievement. Mr. Isaacs is an academic scholar with a most enviable knowledge not only of literature but also of the history of art and the history of the cinema, and vast reading has never staled the generosity of his sympathy with what seem to him the growing points of the writing of his time. He is an eloquently lucid expositor, a brilliant populariser in the best sense of the word, and he communicates his own enthusiasm. As a short survey, necessarily "sweeping and panoramic," of fifty years of writing, seen from the standpoint of a contemporary, it is difficult to see how this little book could be bettered.

And it is exciting to see the principles of literary scholarship applied in a field where they are seldom brought to bear. Let me instance Mr. Isaacs's exegesis of Virginia Woolf's apparently cryptic and whimsical statement, in *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown*, that "on or about December, 1910, human character changed," or his plotting, date by significant date, the cautious and almost crab-wise progress of Mr. Eliot in the theatre from his review, in *The Egoist*, of Pound's and Fennollosa's book on the Japanese Noh plays to the production of *The Cocktail Party*, by way of prolonged study both of Elizabethan drama and of the English music hall. ("This I do know," remarks Mr. Isaacs, "that if I have done nothing else for literature, I did at least take Mr. Eliot to see Mr. Ernie Lotinga at the Islington Empire.") The light Mr. Isaacs throws on the development of recent poetic drama is that which is struck, and can only be struck, by the discipline of precise scholarship.

But the discipline of precise scholarship, of the literary historian, may also, to the non-academic critic at any rate, seem a form of bondage. The literary historian is conditioned to a causal interpretation of literature; he thinks in terms of influences where the non-academic critic sees, rather, affinities.

Mr. Isaacs, indeed, seems to me somewhat obsessed by the desire to find begetters for the new or apparently new. He has some interesting pages on the "stream of consciousness" technique in modern fiction and traces, in a fascinating way, the history of the phrase. He is also at pains to show that the technique—or something like it—was anticipated on occasion by Dickens, Jane Austen (here I cannot follow him) and Richardson. But in fact it is only because of Joyce's development of the method that we recognise these apparent anticipations of it, and if we want to find where Joyce got it from we shall probably do best to look in the direction of Jung's discovery of the free-association technique as a tool in psycho-analysis, which Joyce must almost certainly have been aware of long before he began to write *Ulysses*.

But there is another weakness implicit in the historical approach to writing. Somehow, the chaos of books and writers, multitudinous, multifarious, disparate, must be resolved into some kind of order. Generalisation, the charting of trends, is unavoidable. Mr. Isaacs generalises admirably; he very well renders the context of feelings and ideas in which the contemporary writer has his being. And yet—what happens when writers cannot be netted in the generalisations? There is Mr. Forster: "a special case . . . he doesn't fit into these sweeping and panoramic views." There are, among others, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Graves, Mr. Herbert Read, Firbank, Ford. They receive, as it were, the honourable mentions due to the honourably out. But the vitality of a literature resides just as much in the exceptions as in those writers who can be taken to prove a rule. Indeed, if the emphasis is placed too strongly on the rule, a distortion in values is inevitable, for all too easily—and I do not think Mr. Isaacs has quite avoided this—a writer may seem to be important merely because he can be used to illustrate a rule. Mr. Isaacs notes, for instance, that one of the developments in modern fiction is the way in which "the novelist not only intrudes, but makes his intrusion an integral part of the work of art he is presenting." He quotes as a prime example *Les Faux Monnayeurs*. But then follow more than two pages on *Point Counter Point*. This may be all very well as literary history but as literary criticism it is inadequate. Gide's novel and Mr. Huxley's are on quite different levels of achievement; Mr. Huxley has great gifts and is an eminently respect-worthy writer, but, whether we judge fiction aesthetically, like Mr. Lubbock, or from the standpoint of such a critic as Professor Trilling, as a novelist he can be said scarcely to exist at all.

This suggests the fundamental weakness of the literary historian's method when applied to contemporary writing. The historian can tell us what happened and what next happened: it is enormously difficult for him at the same time to judge the intrinsic value of what happened. Perhaps the most we can say of any contemporary poet or novelist is that he is good for us *now*, at the present moment of history. But our evaluations, I suspect, are likely to be more accurate if, as far as we can, we forget the whole notion of development, of progress from point to point, altogether. In the end, writers have to stand alone, on their own merits. Meanwhile, we may be grateful to Mr. Isaacs for his stimulating lectures; however violently we may disagree with his judgments they are never second-hand.

WALTER ALLEN

THE BROKEN HARMONY

A Land. By JACQUETTA HAWKES. *Cresset Press*. 21*s*.

This book is difficult to classify either as science or as literature. The science is exact, and the literary style elegant and sensitive, but what is more unusual than either of these distinctions is the fusing of much scientific knowledge, that has been accumulating for a century or more, into something like a culture. Scientific standards are quantitative, and can be reduced to terms of measurement, but the qualitative assimilation of the data of science has even now scarcely begun. Mrs. Hawkes is well fitted to be among the first to give expression to a new phase of culture, for she is a scientist who is also a poet. Born into the scientific milieu of Cambridge, she is able to bring together elements of knowledge that for many people still lie apart in separate compartments of the mind. Value and fact are justly balanced; there is neither the hasty afterthought, "Now what are we to make of all these queer phenomena?" that the Listening Public is accustomed to expect at the end of a series of scientific broadcasts (the recent popular series by Mr. Fred Hoyle was a good example of the discrepancy between imposing fact and puerile philosophy), nor the avid clutching at straws of scientific information, taken out of its context, with which theologians and others too often try to defend untenable strongholds with odds and ends of enemy equipment.

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reaches back through the unbroken process of the evolution of organic life, into the oldest and simplest modes of material being. Mrs. Hawkes equates geology—a science for which she has, if a scientist will allow the phrase, a great feeling—with human memory, and sees the progressive disinterring of the past as a successive re-awakening of the past experiences through which we have travelled.

If, then, we follow Mrs. Hawkes's imaginative evocation of the laying down of the rock-formations that make up the varied islands of Britain; re-experience in imagination the barren voiceless world of Devonian desert, the tropical luxuriance of the Carboniferous forests; imagine those first springs, when flowering plants and higher animals first established the seasonal rhythm that in turn laid the foundations of man's earliest religions—we shall be reminded that man's relation to the land that he lives upon is perhaps the deepest reality of his organism. We can no more be separated from the earth of whose whole we are but parts, than corn can exist apart from the field in which it grows.

Mrs. Hawkes's picture of human existence is always seen in this long perspective; and she praises most highly those periods in which man used the land with the most sensitive understanding of the qualities of rock, soil and vegetation. Having described to us the laying down of the rocks, she proceeds to the uses later made of these rocks, soils, flints and clays for human architecture and culture, which reached their most sensitive harmony in the eighteenth century, before the full onset of the Industrial Revolution. This was the time when Wren selected and seasoned with care and knowledge every stone that went to the building of St. Paul's, and when the local variations of land and sea were reflected in the lie of fields and villages, designs of implements and boats, local dishes and textiles, and above all in buildings both great and small, adapted to the local landscape and its materials. This ecology, a gradual, unbroken development whose foundations were laid before man was man, was destroyed by industrialism. The bricks and mortar of the great industrial cities, and the more recent ferro-concrete, rootless and characterless as the culture they bring with them, can only produce textiles, utensils, tools and skills unrelated to nature, locality, and humanity itself, which is part of nature. The machine interposes itself between man and his environment, and in a few generations has wiped out a gradual growth and adaptation that has never before been broken. This, says Mrs. Hawkes, is the greatest mutation in human culture that has taken place since mesolithic times; and it is clear that she regards this mutation with dismay, if not despair. Writing this review on the Isle of South Uist, where the old adaptation lingers in crofts whose poverty is still rich in the skills of spinning, weaving, dyeing, fishing, singing and storytelling, I cannot but share Mrs. Hawkes's belief that such poverty as this, in which man's few possessions are what he needs and has made with skill and artistry, is wealth in comparison with our urban "standard of living", which is no more than the power to purchase the characterless trash of the machines.

It is curious that the scientific philosophy of the nineteenth century was one of optimism, founded on the assumption that all evolutionary changes are bound to be for the good of the species, that the fittest inevitably survive, and that a general improvement of human existence is in the very nature of things. Now it is the scientists who have been the first to see that not all mutations lead to survival. Has man committed himself to an evolutionary error from which he cannot recover? Now that astronomers threaten our planet with extinction and biologists warn us that nature spares none of its once-favoured master-races of beast or man, scientists are writing in a spirit little removed from the grimmer prophecies of the Old Testament. Only those who see the history of man as the unfolding of a divine purpose can possibly, so it seems, continue to hope.

It may be that woman's natural conservatism prevents Mrs. Hawkes from seeing the beauty of the new shapes that have risen upon our horizon in this century—pylons and radar apparatus, all the fine antennæ of modern science, forms free and no longer earth-bound; and that a similar conservatism inclines me to share, in feeling, her despair, even while in fairness I must say that she has understated the case for progress, and for man's indestructible creativity. Her last chapter is the weakest in the book, for it evades the issues that her theme has raised, the human future, possible or desirable. The complement to this retrospective picture of England is to be found, it seems to me, in Humphrey Jennings's last film, *Family Portrait*. Humphrey Jennings, like Mrs. Hawkes, had a poet's vision of the vital unity of the country and the nation he loved no less than she; but with a more virile robustness of imagination, he could see the same vital forces at work in the creation of the world that is, or may be, emerging from the future, as in that which is vanishing into the past. But perhaps I exaggerate the difference in point of view, for both, I think, would have agreed that the Industrial Revolution has been a mistake whose magnitude we are scarcely beginning to estimate.

KATHLEEN RAINE

NEW NOVELS

The Next Two Years. By PETER DE POLNAY *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

The False Start. By JEAN-BAPTISTE ROSSI *Secker & Warburg.* 9s. 6d.

The Sixth Column. By PETER FLEMING. *Hart-Davis.* 9s. 6d.

Novel blurbs thrive on mis-suggestion. It is not so much that they lie about the contents of a book as that they too often give the reader a completely false idea of the writer's approach to his subject. "The theme of Peter de Polnay's new novel," declares the inside jacket of *The Next Two Years*, "is based on the intricate love-pattern of a married couple, and its repercussions on the circle of friends and relations who surround them . . . the strong emotional problems which arise, the development of the complex love-story which unfolds . . . are handled by the author with great compassion and delicacy of feeling." All this suggests another sincere and probably rather heavy analysis of human relationships. Whereas Mr. de Polnay's novel is a leaf out of Meredith's Book of Earth, "whose title is the Book of Egoism."

"Comedy," Meredith wrote, "is a game played to throw reflections on social life, and it deals with human nature in the drawing-room of civilised men and women, where we have no dust of the struggling outer world, no mire, no violent crashes to make the correctness of the representation convincing." Our idea of comedy has broadened since 1879; most of Mr. de Polnay's plot is transacted in a drawing-room whose doors and windows are wide open to the outside world. The Big House is still there but it has become an empty shell, its rooms filled with the smoke of the estate clerks' "Weights." As for violent crashes, the author has arranged several, on and off stage.

Dennis Carfield, wealthy landowner and shareholder, has been happily married to his beautiful young wife for eleven years. When the book opens, Betty has been suddenly struck down by a dangerous illness. Certain of his heroine's recovery, Mr. de Polnay can afford to make a richly comic *danse macabre* of the death-bed comings and goings. One by one, his leading characters appear in the sickroom; Dennis's sister, Jane, cool and distinguished, a straight back in the saddle and a devotee of Jane Austen; Basil, the literary sybarite, and his mistress, Sheila, an unhappy redhead whose neuroses revolve round the graven image of the perfect Carfield marriage. Meanwhile, Betty has been suffering the psychical deep-sea changes of those on the fringe of death. Her husband tires her but she adores talking to the nurses and longs to be left alone with Jane, whom she has previously detested. This attitude persists after her recovery and return to Horsden.

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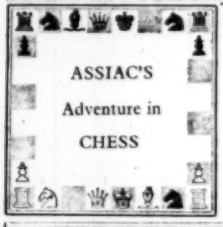

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

The rest of the novel is concerned with the widening rift between Betty and her husband and its repercussions on their relatives and friends.

As a study of an "intricate love-pattern," I think this book is a failure. The author's creatures —Dennis and his wife, particularly—are puppets and lack the psychological motivation that would make their behaviour convincing. As a social comedy on the Nancy Mitford level, *The Next Two Years* succeeds admirably. Here the tough crustacean sentimentalism which is Mr. de Polnay's most pronounced literary quality is a decided advantage. It gives his writing a satisfying bite and edge that is lacking in most contemporary fiction. The minor characters—Gillham the butler, Miss Bell the secretary, Betty's father, Mlle Depech the French governess, a group of fake Bohemians —are wittily presented, and individual scenes stand out in fine comic relief. A book whose etceteras will be remembered long after its central theme is forgotten.

The False Start tells the story of a fourteen-year-old boy's love affair with a nun of twenty-eight. An only child, brought up by strict Catholic parents, Denis Leterrand is the average adolescent. Like the other boys at the Jesuit college, he fights, collects stamps, throws blotting-paper pellets about the classroom and joins in ragging his Latin master, Father Bellon. Once a week the boys visit the patients at the local hospital. Here Denis meets Sister Clotilde, a young woman predestined for the conventual life before she was old enough to realise the sacrifice involved. The two fall hopelessly in love. It takes Clotilde some time to realise the true nature of her feelings for Denis; for him, the impact is complete and immediate:

> He remained standing on the pavement, his legs apart, and in the depths of his heart there was a delicious feeling of quiet happiness. . . .
>
> The first thing he thought of doing was to go and say a prayer in the school chapel. It was kind of God to have helped him. He was no longer alone in the world. Already he had ceased to belong to himself. He was frightened by a confused feeling that he did not belong to God either. The little white figure had taken everything in a few minutes, quite simply, and there was nothing left, either for himself or for God.

M. Rossi—one is amazed to find that he wrote this book when he was sixteen—describes the slow evolution of the love affair. Though it begins as an extension of his adolescent emotional life—the fierce school friendships and the craving for an affection denied him at home—Denis's passion for Clotilde sweeps him into premature manhood. Yet to the outside world, even to Clotilde herself, he remains the boy who learns Greek verbs and coughs over a cigarette. Perhaps the most touching incident in the book is that in which Denis, hagridden by thoughts of retribution and nauseated by an incident at the college, momentarily forgets Clotilde's love and tenderness and confesses his sin to a priest. The treachery of youth's defencelessness has seldom been more poignantly described.

Circumstances later allow Clotilde and her lover to take refuge in a far-away village where the girl has a small property. Their life is an idyll "up to the time when the postman, bringing the mail to the little house, found Sister Clotilde running through the grass, in a blue flowered skirt and a white blouse." After that the sands of happiness run quickly out. The book ends with Denis, guarded by priests, being put on the train for a distant boarding-school while Clotilde watches him, weeping, from the station barrier. They are still deeply in love; the situation is unresolved and there is no indication—except perhaps in the title?—of what the eventual outcome will be.

Though this book inevitably suggests comparison with *Le diable au corps*, the two novels are entirely different in conception. *The False Start* is as lyrical and one-dimensional as Radiguet's book (written at much the same age) is penetrating and sophisticated. The directness and economy with which M. Rossi tells his story is not entirely the result of art—it owes something also to the single eye of youth.

"*C'est par amour-propre que l'amour nous séduit*," wrote Chamfort. There is no *amour-propre* about Denis's love for Clotilde, and there is therefore no need for psychological analysis. What had to be done, and what the author has done superbly, is to record an ecstasy. His story tells us nothing new about the human heart and, because of this, for all its apparent kinship, it is outside the French moralist tradition. Its inspiration derives not from *Adolphe* or Gide but from an earlier and more poetic fiction. Marie de France, not Constant, is M. Rossi's precursor. His book (admirably and anonymously translated) remains a limpid and exquisite love story, an autarchy free from the shadows of the clerical Great Debate.

Mr. Fleming's fantasy deals with a vast moral conspiracy, an attempt to "accelerate the current deterioration of the national character with a view to undermining and eventually eliminating British influence in the affairs of the world." In this sense, it is related to Chesterton's romances, *Manalive*, *The Flying Inn*, etc. There the resemblance ends since Mr. Fleming lacks Chesterton's humanity and imagination. Behind the self-conscious urbanity and tweeds-and-dagger facetiousness, he is a man grimly in earnest. This novel is the work of a professional humorist; it is also a one-man attempt to Stop The Rot. Mr. Fleming sees his country as a land that is losing its moral fibre through its having left the shaping of public opinion to actors and broadcasters, muddled liberals, mollycoddled progressives and intellectual and artistic ninnies generally. All this, he thinks, helps Russia. He develops his theme by skilfully blending *Punch* and John Buchan until the conspiracy has been foiled and the world been made safe for log fires, riding before breakfast and cartridges on the mantelpiece.

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Selected Poems. By RICHARD EBERHART. *Chatto & Windus.* 6s.

Gods with Stainless Ears. By LYNETTE ROBERTS. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Our Lady's Tumbler. By RONALD DUNCAN. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Richard Eberhart is a difficult poet to write about in a commonsensical way. To be a poet, he has taken greater risks than most of his contemporaries. That is, there is rather little intellectual content in his verse, especially his earlier verse: he is often called Blakean and praised for spiritual insight and mystical abilities. But the open mind or heart is just as hobbled as the closed one. It is not enough for a man simply to keep his head clear or his nose clean. He needs to dance between these opposites like the angels. And Mr. Eberhart's great quality is that he can put up a show of violence behind the heartfeltness and the vision—just as Blake could, of course. All the same he is a man with a definite and tragic sense of the small use of his kind of experience in the world of busyness, with a feeling even (not especially contemporary) of having been cornered; a man much given to backward-looking. He is obsessed with childhood and death and union with earth; he has a hatred of fuss and affairs, and a liking for subtlety, harmony, oddness, and the natural.

He has all the visionary's irritation at the untouchability of the "final word," but he has also one of the first signs of a poet, the ability to make you take him at his word so that you are willing to believe that a simple recasting of a few universal-sounding phrases shows up something new and true and good. All this thin-skinned delicacy, almost neurotically responsive to Nature and rare kinds of awareness, is still tough and humane enough to regard without bitterness or sentimentality the appalling experience described in *Brotherhood of Men*, the long poem about the war at the end of the book. In general, the war poems in the book are as good as almost anyone's.

Apart from the famous *The Groundhog* there are three or four of Mr. Eberhart's earlier poems, and several later ones, that ought to be considered for any anthology of modern verse, particularly *The Return of Odysseus*, with its magnificent expanding ship metaphor:

> My disappointments, large as capsized tugs,
> Pull no more the big ship of love.
> My eye of fire, motionable coal,
> That saw such salutations of the wharf
> (And piped a hoot to the woman's tooting colours)
> Is out, and weeps annual delugings;
> My engines bucked and wrung. My
> Timbers' splinters plaything water patterns,
> My sturdy and few tons have gone to roost
> Under the infant waters of the sea. . . .
> . . . Unheard
> The cock in the waters crows, Good Night,
> There is nothing to do but be swayed by
> the sea. . . .

It is pleasant at this time when the world is learning very well how to get along without words, to come across a man who can make them fly.

Mr. Eberhart is the kind of poet who writes to help himself find his way around. This use of poetry as a sort of therapy is fairly common today (Hart Crane was a towering case): if it externalises the conflict it is useful to other people too. I could not feel this about more than snatches of *Gods With Stainless Ears*. Miss Roberts is a genuine and greatly gifted poet. The lucid flashes in her book (it is a single long poem) are very good, and eventually it may be seen to stand up on its own rather impressively. But the monstrous clottedness of the language (more like *Finnegan's Wake* than anything, and not much like that) makes the poem impossible to get hold of within half a dozen readings except by force of the destructive kind of concentration you would give to a badly written book of philosophy. You come through that, with luck, with a reasonably clear generalised idea of the book, but you have to leave the language lying in ruins behind you.

Most people would agree that poetry is the

most far-reaching kind of literature. Yet it is remarkable how little the great "visionary" poems extend our knowledge of the world beyond what any sensible and life-like man would get to know in the long run. What they do do is to map known country more closely, or to juggle with the puzzles and paradoxes (not solvable but soluble) that lie at the basis of life. In other words, one way or another, it is always in the end a matter of words. Not that Mr. Duncan has been trying to write visionary poetry; but the sanction for what he has done seems to be something—an idea perhaps, or a belief—that exists outside his actual words. *Our Lady's Tumbler* is a verse play based upon the theme of *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*. It is a well-made adaptation of a moving story, but the verse will not giddy anybody with its pride. When Mr. Duncan does attempt serious verse writing, he writes in greatly loosened forms, so that the final tension, if it does not have to do with the plot, comes from the consequent strained play against the original strict forms. A great poet can carry this off, but more often this kind of writing merely leans upon a dignity the forms have raised by custom for themselves in the reader's mind. Yeats said he would not read his poems like prose because of the trouble he had taken to write them in verse: that looks like an honest point.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

INDIAN RECORD

India Since Partition. By ANDREW MELLOR. *Turnstile Press.* 7s. 6d.

Caution, self-restraint and accuracy are useful qualities when one's task is to collect information. They do not suffice for the writing of a good book. Mr. Mellor chose for his theme a chapter of history that should have awakened imagination in the soberest narrator. India's story swings with a paralysing jerk from the startled rejoicings over her sudden liberation to the shame of the massacres and the tragedy of Gandhi's murder. Then we look on, while the autocracy of her glittering princes is shattered at a blow. War is only just avoided in Kashmir, while in Hyderabad the proudest despot of Asia is humbled at a touch. Our prisoner of how many yesterdays, Jahawarlal Nehru, brings a reconciled Indian republic back into the Commonwealth that has ceased to be an empire. And yet is anything changed for the better in the daily life of the average peasant, who is, by all accounts, a little poorer and rather hungrier than he was when the Union Jack floated over his parched and meagre acres?

Within the hampering limits of his 148 pages Mr. Mellor tells this astonishing story carefully and fairly. Most of the essential facts are noted down and more than enough of the figures. But his record never comes alive. It could all have been compiled equally well from the files at India House. There are no descriptions of things seen and no sketches of the living leaders. To attempt a summary of Gandhi's life-story in two pages was a mistake; the single page devoted to Jinnah is less inadequate. But there is an orderly chronicle of events from the eve of the partition down to the other day. There is a full and lucid summary of the new Constitution. There are figures drawn from reliable sources which give a clear, if depressing, account of India's economic plight. Finally, Mr. Mellor has the art of quoting aptly. But he tells us nothing about the dragooning of the press. He mentions without comment the concentration camps packed with political suspects. He does not repeat the usual accusations of corruption against the Congress administration; neither does he defend it.

The chief defect of this book is, however, its failure to realise that the future of Asia depends on the prompt distribution of India's land to its peasants. If Congress goes on dallying and sparing the landlords, it will, sooner or later, follow the Chinese Nationalists into exile. To my thinking, the most significant event since Partition was the forcible distribution of the land by Communist guerillas in two districts of Hyderabad. To this portent and to the negative legislation record of Congress Mr. Mellor devotes only a few lines. Has he ever, one is tempted to ask, spent even a few days in a rack-rented and indebted village? There is a "third force," the Indian Socialist Party, which may, before it is too late, succeed in winning the peasants. Its asset is the personal character of its leaders and the devotion of its active workers, who learned their ethics (but not their politics) from Gandhi. Mr. Mellor does not mention the spectacular marches of peasant masses which it has organised with Delhi and other cities as their goal. Those suggest that it is beginning to reach the villages. Congress, however, has its millionaires and its machine and the right to cover its degeneracy with Gandhi's halo and Nehru's name. It may win the coming election only to lose Asia.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Injustice Collectors. By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

Colonel Julian and Other Stories. By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

Selected Stories. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Knight's Gambit. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto & Windus.* 9s. 6d.

Mr. Auchincloss's cumbrous title is taken from psychiatrist's jargon. Dr. Edmund Bergler coined the term in his book, *The Battle of the Conscience*, to describe "neurotics who continually and unconsciously construct situations in which they are disappointed and mistreated . . . persons (who) are seeking unconscious masochistic pleasure." In spite of this rigmarole, *The Injustice Collectors* is the best-written and most original collection of stories by a new writer that has been published for a long time. Far from being case-book clichés, Mr. Auchincloss's creatures are most lifelike neurotics, and it is a measure of his skill that their perverse way of deliberately twisting straightforward lives into hideously contorted shapes is both credible and oddly logical. Take the story, called *Maud*, about a thirteen year old girl, the prickly inverted member of an otherwise golden-hearted family. One Christmas Eve she shatters the cosy yuletide cheer that Mummy and Daddy have so carefully fabricated by shouting "Damn you. Damn all of you."

Hard words like this bounce back off Mummy's rubbery bosom; the family is all reason and understanding. "Didn't she love them back just a little, tiny, tiny bit? Didn't she really, darling?" Poor Maud, she is handed over to the ministrations of "the psychologist, the special school, the travelling companion":

> the smiling company of a competent woman beneath whose comfortable old-maid exterior was hidden a wealth of expensive psychological experience, and whose well-paid task it was to see if somehow it was not possible to pry open poor tightened Maud . . .

Mr. Auchincloss's stories, like Mr. Angus Wilson's, succeed best when they are nastiest; they are also best when they are not written in the first person. Half the time the author, as it were, impersonates different characters—a middle-aged tycoon who dotes on his son, a female companion who brings about her employer's death, a literary headmaster who unwittingly creates an awful male Galatea—when he would do better to stand away from them. I prefer *The Edification of Marianne*, a perceptive study of a transatlantic "saint," one of those glacial female philanthropists, as bone-headed as they are well-shod. In this, as in *Maud*, Mr. Auchincloss gives marvellously clear glimpses of the American Way of Life—glimpses, moreover, of that side of the medal which we are not usually shown. It is interesting to compare this excellent young writer with Edith Wharton, for both nibble away at social structures, both specialise in the *mores* of the rich and idle, and both set their plots in Maine or Western Europe for preference. Where they differ, and where Mrs.

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Wharton, in her earlier books at least, excels, is in her passionate, if unstable, heart and in her grandiose moral view. Mr. Auchincloss, on the other hand, is several degrees too cool to give real urgency to his peoples' suffering.

For some time now injustice collecting has been a hobby amounting to a fashionable malaise in America, but it has only recently spread here. Latest victims, one is surprised to find, include Mr. Bates's characters, nearly all of whom are seriously infected. In fact only Colonel Julian who figures in the title story (a disappointing trifle) and Uncle Silas, the comic yokel who often makes Light Programme appearances in Mr. Bates's work, are not contaminated. The "unconscious masochists" in this volume are alike in extracting the very worst out of love. None of the men succeed in holding on to their girls, for these are either faithless bitches or already married. In the first story, *The Little Farm*, a farmer advertises for a housekeeper. The girl who answers remodels his entire life, but a quite artificial denouement puts an end to all hopes of happiness. And so with most of these pieces. After reading two or three, one spots the repeat in the pattern; preparations for a sour finale on a note of unrequited love stick out on every first page. Furthermore, how sloppy Mr. Bates's writing has become! Open this volume almost anywhere and you will find examples: "He had a long lean figure and a pale face, rather dreamy and prematurely grey and in very hot weather blue-lipped . . ." Too many telling phrases pepper every page: "His blood-shot eye had a crack of scarlet glee across it" is an average example. The only stories in this lot that recall Mr. Bates's better form are *The Lighthouse*, despite its heavy phallic symbolism, and *The Colonel of Hussars*, a tale of matrimonial woe beside the Lake of Thun.

The best short stories no less than the worst have a curious way of slipping from minds that are even quite retentive. Take Mr. Armstrong's selection from both published and unpublished, both early (as early as 1924) and recent work. The level, as one would expect, is remarkably high; a few of the stories are even models of their kind, and yet none of them make any lasting impression. Maybe Mr. Armstrong is too eclectic. Masterly short story writers on any level—James or Maupassant, Simenon or Wodehouse—introduce us to their own individual worlds and show us life there from a specific standpoint, whereas Mr. Armstrong flits from place to place, level to level and mood to mood. There are stories for every occasion in every style—light conceits that recall Saki, mysteries in the manner of M. R. James, tales of high life and low life, yarns, farces and anecdotes about the war. What a boon, one feels, a writer like this must be to every harassed editor! After Mr. Armstrong's accomplished pastiches, William Faulkner strikes one more than ever as one of the most vigorous writers of to-day; entering his world is like going into a wind tunnel. These new stories—whodunits mostly—reveal the master at slightly less than his best. They are not as packed with meat as usual and the characters, tattered wrecks we have met too often before, are repetitious, but there are many passages of pungent prose in the best Faulkner manner.

JOHN RICHARDSON

The Growth of the English Novel. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Methuen.* 5*s*.

Mr. Church has written a lively and provocative little book. What one asks for primarily in a work of this kind—it is the latest addition to the Home Study Books—is a statement of the facts, and these Mr. Church gives succinctly and gracefully; though he is surely in error when he implies that Shaw began writing novels under the influence of Butler's *The Way of all Flesh*, which was not published until 1903. Within the framework of the facts Mr. Church is generous in his enthusiasms and pronounced in his antipathies. Where his enthusiasm is aroused, as with Fielding, for instance, he is admirable; otherwise, as in his consideration of Henry James, he is much less than adequate. Occasionally he overpraises, as when he writes of Wells that "He used English as a cartoonist's medium, but with Michaelangelesque skill and scope." But it is part of the flavour of the book that Mr. Church so emphatically knows what he likes and dislikes. For him, the novel is essentially a branch of the art of poetry, though some of the novels he quotes as especially admirable suggest that in the end he does not mean more by this than that the novel is a form of imaginative writing. He very deftly sketches in the social and historical background to the fiction he discusses. Believing that we are at present in an "autumn phase" in the novel, which James and Joyce have wrested "from its track along the middle of the road of common sense, happy-go-lucky handling of form, and undirected vagary," he is cool towards contemporary fiction; the present-day writers he particularly singles out as still writing the novel that is "fundamentally an aspect of poetry" are "John Masefield, J. B. Priestley, Richard Aldington, Storm Jameson, Francis Brett Young, Hugh Walpole, H. E. Bates, Patrick Hamilton, P. H. Newby," while William Sansom achieves an honourable mention on the second page of the book.

Year-Book of the United Nations, 1948-49. Obtainable from *H.M.S.O.* 90*s*.

Everyman's United Nations. Second Edition 1950. Obtainable from *H.M.S.O.* 9*s*.

The sheer bulk of the third U.N. year-book—nearly 1,200 large double-column pages—dwarfs its predecessors; but its anonymous editors have dwarfed theirs too by designing a book that is surprisingly easy to find your way about in. The work of the "specialised agencies," whose un-pointed initials (FAO, ICAO, UPU, IRO, WHO, and IMO are good examples), look like Esperantists' epithets, is readably recorded here as a heartening reminder that the nations can get together at least on food and agriculture, civil aviation, postal union, refugee work, health, and the pooling of meteorological data. The people whose work sustains those agencies may groan under the weight of ephemeral literature engendered by each other's labours, but no-one need groan at the appearance of this volume, whose value to scholars, diplomats, politicians, teachers and technicians is beyond computation.

The condensation for "everyman"—three hundred skilfully compressed pages, in paper covers, describes cogently for the busy citizen what the constituent organisations of U.N. do, and how they do it; sub-title—"A ready reference to the structure, functions, and work of the United Nations and its related agencies." This must have been considerably the more difficult of the two books to compile, and is a miracle of discriminating completeness.

Jealousy in Children: A Guide to Parents. By EDMUND ZIMAN. *Gollancz.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Difficult children, once a pastoral and sometimes a legal problem, have come increasingly to be accepted as a medical responsibility. The family doctor, when his help came to be sought, found that a bottle of bromide usually did more than moral exhortation to retrieve the situation. He noted further that, to be fully efficacious, it should be drunk by the parents. Psychiatrists were also quick to point out that juvenile delinquency was most often the result of adult incompetence in the bringing up of children, and much thought and effort have since been given to making the home safe for pædocracy. Dr. Ziman conforms to this tradition in a book which is a great deal more comprehensive than its title suggests; "there is nothing wrong with an infant except what may be done to him by his parents," he holds, and those who want to know what not to do to their children and, in some detail, how and at what stage not to do it, should certainly read his book. Unfortunately, those most likely to take this advice, and most open to Dr. Ziman's humane, reasonable and kindly approach, will probably find the mode of presentation infuriating. Most of the (imaginary or, at any rate, synthetic) case-histories would transpose readily into commercial strip-cartoon, with the characters thinking and talking in balloons, and heavy type giving emphasis to some ultimate and oracular pronouncement—strips, be it added, from the American Press, with deprivation of "Popsicles" and "Strawberry-coloured Jello" provoking in "Junior" emotions of a most desperate character.

Image. *Art and Technics.* 5*s*.

English Wood Engraving, 1900-1950. By THOMAS BALSTON. *Art and Technics.* 7*s*. 6*d*.

The "little" reviews of contemporary visual art are very different from their literary counterparts. They classify reputations rather than make them, and are polite rather than dynamic. If one already enjoys Edward Ardizzone's delightfully avuncular drawings, André Marchand's romantic lithographs or Blair Hughes-Stanton's formalised wood engravings, the Spring number of *Image* is worth having. But the articles themselves are non-committal; one has the impression that they have been written by friends of the artists who have tactfully avoided any critical assessment or original interpretation of their work, and have been content to embroider a catalogue of biographical facts, unrelated to any argument. The exception is the article by W. J. Strachan on Marchand; this does attempt to *analyse* some of the works reproduced. In the short but lucid survey of recent English wood engraving by Thomas Balston (a reprint within stiff covers and with a hundred additional plates of last winter's number of *Image*) every engraver of importance has been mentioned—along with his principal books and influences. Yet if this account has been planned for experts it is too sketchy, and if, as seems more likely, for the general public, it is a pity that there is no explanation of the aesthetic problems of this form of art. It would surely have been worth while to point out one of the chief differences between an art and a craft—that whereas in a craft one consciously enjoys the evidence of obvious skill, in an art that evidence becomes a distraction; to have explained that a white line on black has a different function from a black one on white—a single white line can never imply any depth; to have qualified the plates by stressing that only a few of their engravers had been able to accept the famous limitations of the medium and still remain vital.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,117

Set by Arachne McLeod

Competitors are invited to write new captions, in the familiar, chatty style of the illustrated weeklies, for any one of the following pictures: Manet's *Bar at the Folies Bergère* or *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, Renoir's *La Loge*, Seurat's *La Baignada*, Van Eyck's *Arnolfini and his Wife*, Ruben's *Le Chapeau de Paille*, Hogarth's *Shrimp Girl*, Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*, Millais' *Ophelia*, Sargent's *Lord Ribblesdale*, John's *Suggia*. Limit, 100 words. Entries by July 31.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,114

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for two verses and the refrain of an Air Shanty.

Report by Richard Lister

A very good entry. I leaned somewhat against parodies of existing sea shanties, though it was allowable, I judge, to base the lines on an existing tune. Slang and technicalities seemed to be an essential in the texture of a shanty and most competitors agreed. But I thought Stanley Umpleby's otherwise excellent entry rather overdid it, since it required nine footnotes to elucidate it. Of the parodies I liked best D. R. Peddy's answers to his own question "What shall we do with the Air Chief Marshals?"

Give 'em safe and solid sinecures sedentary:
Make 'em police commissioners or Coal Board gentry:
Put 'em in the Ministries and pay them plenty:
Supplement their pensions.
Scrambled eggs are welcome on the State's commissions . . .

H. J. R., J. P. Stevenson, P. M., D. L. L. Clarke, were runners up. The prize money is divided equally between the five printed below.

My Wing Co. and I went out on a strike
To do all the flying we took Iron Mike
We spotted a jet job at ten thousand feet
Her intakes were lovely, her tail fin was sweet

Refrain:
So up with your tail and down with your nose
Haul back on the joystick (*done with beer mug*)
and over she goes

Now Wing Co. was hasty and started to dive
But I saw her escort—that's why I'm alive
Remember young pilots, you aerodrome lovers
Don't tackle a jet job with heavy top cover
D. GRANT

Left Wing Low couldn't keep formation,
He couldn't keep formation and he couldn't worry less:
Left Wing Low was always out of station,
And every time he flew he got the squadron in a mess.

Refrain:
Left Wing Low ignored the regulations:
Left Wing Low had better things to know:
Left Wing Low, from a thousand operations
Won so many decorations he was left-wing-low.

Left Wing Low was duff at straight-and-level:
He'd taxi down the tarmac with his wing-tips cutting grass.
Left Wing Low was as lefty as the Devil,
But his cannon cut through bombers like a diamond through glass.
SALLY OWEN

No anvil-headed cumulus
Shall turn my wings away:
Come stall or spin, I'm going in
Bang on at E.T.A.
You can tell the Tower Controller
That I'm giving her the gun:
He can stuff his stack, for I'm coming back
And I'm landing Number One.

Landing Number One, my lads, Number One for landing.
Sally's on the tarmac with her ticker in her hand.
So fasten straps and lower flaps,
We crashing through the circuit, chaps,
We're going in, we're going in, we're going in to land.

It's Harry Clampers all the way:
They're stacking to the stars:
I cannot start the undercart,
We've ice for rudder-bars.
It's thick enough at fifty feet
For sparrowhawks to stand,
But thick or thin, we're going in,
We're going in to land.
TROG

Now this clueless odd bod tried to fly to Dunoon
(Rockets, gas turbines, propellers and jets)
But he mucked up his bearings and crashed on the moon,
And that was the pay-off for Percy the Prune.

Refrain:
Cosec, secant, sin, tan theta
(Johnny, keep your eye on the altimeter)
Ptolemy, Copernicus, Bonne, Mercator,
Trig's the jig for the Navigator.

So, perishers all, if to fly you've a yen
(Rockets, gas turbines, propellers and jets)
Make sure that your crate's got a Navvy., and then
You'll be bang on your target, for he's got the gen.
H. A. C. EVANS

Now here's to the skipper, the hostess and me,
For we're off in five minutes by B.O.A.C.
For Cairo, Calcutta and far Singapore
And points further east'ard from Old England's shore.

So take out your finger, and rev. up the prop,
From Northolt to Athens is never a stop,
If we make a safe landing we shan't have a crash,
And we'll all hang our hats on the skipper's moustache.

Oh, the skipper shoots lines, navigation the sun,
And I wish that me flyin' days was over and done,
But me dad's a mechanic, me mum was a Waaf,
So except between wars I'm an Erk in the Raf.
So take out etc. R. J. P. HEWISON

CHESS: Best or Worst Moves

No. 94

What, again? Well, if entries continue at this rate it may not be the last time I have to deal with a subject evidently fascinating for many readers. Had I offered a prize for the shortest game ever it may well be won by C. W. Smith who (playing a beginner) followed up (1) P-K4, P-K4 with (2) Q-R5. He calls his opponent's answer K-K2 the worst move ever played against him. Most entries, indeed, prefer "worst moves" which, in turn, may well provoke some of the "best." In this position reached by J. D. M. Bell (Black) White indulged in the most injudicious pawn-snatch B x RP and was promptly punished by:

(1)	R-R1
(2) B-B5	B-B5
(3) P-Kt3	KR-Kt1
(4) B-B1	B x P
(5) BP x P	R x P ch
(6) K-B2	R(1)-Kt1
(7) P x R	Q x KtP ch
(8) K-Q3	R-Q1 ch
(9) B-Q4	B-K4
(10) R-QKt1 ?	R x B ch etc.

An interesting example of a "worst" move which turned out to be "best" is provided by H. F. Moxon who, playing Black against Napier in the Oxford-Cambridge match 1948, found himself in this position. In one of those unaccountable fits of "chess blindness" he put a R *en prise* with KR-K1. White, of course, captured with his B and, resisting the temptation to resign, Moxon recaptured. White thereupon hit the Kt with P-Kt3 and, after the Knight's retreat to R4 played Q-Q2. Now, all of a sudden, Black spotted a forced win for himself, starting with Kt-KB5! The Kt, of course, is taboo, and after White had countered Kt-K3 Moxon played Q-R6, regaining the exchange immediately and a piece in the next move, owing to the threat of Kt x P ch.

A: Dr. Adam

In this week's competition **A** is a real game position won very forcibly and neatly by Black (on the move). It should not be worth more than 5 points though, while 6 ladder-points would seem to be an equally generous assessment for **B**—White to move and draw. But **C** may well be underrated with 8 points, even if I give the useful hint that competitors should beware of a rather obvious "temptation." White is to move and win, and I may add that against the best defence there is never more than one adequate move.

Usual prizes. Entries by July 30 (and will competitors please remember that, while normally entries may safely be a few days late, during the next month

B: Kovalenko

C: K. Gilg, 1951

or two an entry not in the office by Monday's last post may fail to get into the bulky envelope following me to foreign parts once a week).

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 30

A: (1) R x P ch, K x R. (2) B-Kt6 etc.
B: (1) R-R7 ch, K-Kt1. (2) Kt-B6 ch, K-B1. (3) P-K7 ch, Kt x P. (4) R-R7 ch, Kt x R. (5) Kt-K6 mate
C: (1) Kt-Kt4, K x Kt. (2) P-R7, B-K4. (3) K x B, P-R7. (4) B-K1 ch, K-Kt6. (5) B-B3, K x B. (6) P queens, P queens. (7) K-Q5 ch etc.

Almost everybody solved B (which, of course, is a *five*-mover), but some competitors were stumped by A, and even more by C. Leslie Hale complains that its intricacy cast a blight on his parliamentary duties and domestic happiness. But he did solve it. He suggests it should be dubbed "One Way Only." I agree. He shares the week's prizes (aggrandised by the 2nd half of the 1st prize that went begging a fortnight ago), the other shareholders being R. C. Chaturvedi, J. J. Kenna, M. H. Lessof, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider. Too many equally correct solutions to mention them all.
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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

INFORMATION Officer Class in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for posts of Senior Information Officer (about 12), Information Officer (about 38), and Assistant Information Officer (about 33) in various Government Departments. Vacancies mainly in London, but a few are expected in Edinburgh and some of the larger provincial towns. All the posts call for a good standard of general education, a lively interest in current affairs, and a wide general knowledge. Knowledge of the functions of Government Departments and, for some posts, of procedures and conditions in H.M. Forces will be an advantage. In addition, candidates are required to have experience, varying in degree according to the grading of the post, in one or more of the following fields: general publicity work, journalism, exhibitions, documentary films, social research, preparation of reference material, illustration research, advertising, printing processes. Salary scale (in London): Senior Information Officer, £900-£1,075 (men), £770-£910 (women); Information Officer, £715-£865 (men), £600-£735 (women); Assistant Information Officer, Salary on entry ranges from £250 at age 18 to £425 (men) or £405 (women) at age 25 or over, thence rising to £700 (men) or £580 (women). Salaries outside London are rather less. Prospects of promotion to higher posts at £1,100-£1,325, £1,325-£1,475 and £1,500-£2,000 for men, and £930-£1,150, £1,150-£1,325 and £1,350-£1,850 for women. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 76/51. Completed application forms must be returned by August 9, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Director of a Research Project on the Conditions and needs of Old People in Victoria, Australia. The successful applicant will be expected to make recommendations as to how these needs can best be met. The project, which is sponsored by the Sidney Myer Trust in conjunction with the Rotary Club of Melbourne, will be carried out under the general supervision of the Department of Social Studies. Applicants should hold a University degree in one or more of the social sciences and have had experience of social surveys; in addition a Diploma of Social Studies would be an advantage. Salary up to £1,500 (Australian) per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Duration of the appointment would be for at least 18 months. A first-class return passage to Melbourne will be paid. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 20, 1951.

AUSTRALIA. Principal, Melbourne Technical College. Applications are invited for the above position, which will become vacant in February, 1952. Salary is at the rate £A.1,450 per annum, plus cost of living allowance, at present £A.234 per annum. Intending applicants should secure a copy of statement of duties, qualifications and other information available from Agent-General for Victoria, Victoria House, Melbourne Place, The Strand, London, W.C.2, who will receive applics. until July 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia.—Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Mathematics. Salary will be within the range of £650-£1,000 (Australian) per annum plus cost of living adjustment (at present £88 males, £69 females) with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 18, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, Pietermaritzburg and Durban, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Lectureship in English (tenable in Durban). Salary scale: £550 × £25—£725 (Men); £425 × £25—£600 (Women), plus cost of living allowance, at present £256 for married men and £256 for single persons. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 31, 1951.

ARMY Children's Schools. Secondment or Appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified Men and Women Teachers are required to teach on the staffs of Army Children's Schools overseas. Vacancies, which include some Headmasterships, are outside Europe, i.e., Far East, West Africa, Egypt (Canal Zone) and some Mediterranean Stations. Normal tour of duty will be three years, except in West Africa, where service is for two periods of 18 months. Teachers will be civilians with officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham Scale, plus London allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. Married male teachers can be joined by their families, who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from Under Secretary of State, The War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middx.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History in the University of Western Australia. The successful applicant will be expected to commence duty as early as possible in 1952. Information relating to salary, method of application, etc., may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is August 4, 1951.

HOSPITAL Management Committee No. 10—Wakefield "B" Group, Stanley Royd Hospital, Wakefield. Appointment of Biochemist. Applications are invited for the appointment of Biochemist at the Central Pathological Laboratory, Wakefield "B" Group of Hospitals, under the direction of the Pathologist. Applicants should be Chemical Graduates, B.Sc., Ph.D., with post-graduate experience. Salary £505 x £25 to £730 per annum. For persons with more than five years' experience in hospital biochemistry, the years of service above that number will be taken into account when fixing the commencing salary. The appointment is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, giving full particulars of experience, together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed to the undersigned within three weeks of the date of the appearance of this advertisement. G. L. Banner, Secretary, Victoria Chambers, Wood Street, Wakefield.

ESSEX County Council. House Matron required at Newport House, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, a Remand Home for twenty girls. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Salary £240 × £12—£280 p.a. less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service. Wanted, Case Worker. Must have Social Science Certificate; exp. not essential. Might provide opportunity for older student. Salary according to quals. Apply to General Sec., 155 Norfolk St., Sheffield, 1.

BARKSTON Ash County Constituency Labour Party. Applications are invited for the position of full-time Secy./Agent. Appointments will be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee. Salary and conditions in accordance with the terms of the National Agreement. Application forms may be obtained from Mrs. Bye (Secy.), Co-operative Buildings, High Street, Kippax, nr. Leeds, to whom they must be returned not later than July 31.

BOOK Sales Department: The Central Council of Physical Recreation, 6 Bedford Sq., W.C.1, requires from the end of August a man or woman as head of their book sales department, between 25 and 40 preferred, desired qualifications include office or sales experience, bookkeeping, and interest in games and sports; starting salary, between £364 and £418 according to experience. Apply in writing as soon as pos. to General Secretary.

REQUIRED for showroom and sample room of Coat & Suit House, capable Young Woman, able to sketch accurately. Applicants must have ability to apply system of stock control of samples, and have a stock size figure of bust 35in, waist 27in, hips 38in. No previous Fashion Trade experience is necessary, but an intelligent and conscientious worker is required. Excellent prospects of advancement offered. Reply in confidence to Box 4492, stating age and salary required.

CLUB Leader for junior work (September), preferably woman about 30. Secretarial experience an asset. Salary £200 × £15 to £250 with residential emoluments equal to £130. Applications with testimonials to Warden, Women's University Settlement, 44 Nelson Square, S.E.1.

COMMUNITY Centre. Assistant organiser, woman. St. Katherine's Community Centre, Aberdeen. Membership 1,700. Commencing salary £350 per annum. Superannuation. Provides wide variety of experience. Scope for initiative. Three testimonials two references. Apply within seven days of appearance of advertisement, to the Secretary, St. Katherine's Community Centre, 5 West North Street, Aberdeen.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3, require a Kindergarten teacher and a Junior Group teacher for September. Applications in writing.

REQUIRED—Res. Girls' Matron for Sept. term. Com. sal.: £150. Some nursing experience preferred. Full partics. to Matron, Residential School for Jewish Deaf Children, 101, Nightingale Lane, S.W.12 (BAT 3833).

SCHOOL Matron required at a special residential school for difficult children. To supervise cleaning, children's clothes and linens, but not kitchen or medical work. Salary according to age and experience. Stable personality essential. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts, City or West End. Permanent posts up to £7. Temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDITORSHIP of the "Zionist Review." Applications are invited from Zionists of standing and journalistic experience, for the post of Editor of the "Zionist Review." The successful applicant will be expected to assume duties on September 1, 1951. Applications, giving details of age, qualifications, experience, etc., accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must reach undersigned not later than August 1 next. A. Sheinwald, Sec., Zionist Review, Ltd., 77 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

MANAGER-Secretary wanted for well-known London club. Knowledge of business and catering management, staff administration and, if possible, some musical interests. Salary £700-£800 p.a. according to quals. Apply immediately to Box 4918.

BEDALES School, Petersfield (co-ed), wanted for Sept. next or possibly Jan. Matron of Girls' House: full responsibility for health and clothes of 90 boarders (ages 12-18). Age pref. 30-45. Esp. with children, int. in educ. & personality, more important than high technical quals.; most nursing done in School sanatorium. Apply within a week, with testimonials, to Headmaster.

WANTED, Male Attendant, R.M.P.A., for feeble minded patients. Married couple considered, wife for other duties. Apply full particulars to Secretary, Purley Park, Reading.

THE Jewish Blind Society has a vacancy for a Welfare Officer. Applications to Secretary, Jewish Blind Society, 1, Craven Hill, London, W.2.

WANTED, Sept., young woman graduate, clear coach almost to S.C. maths. 9 to 1, five days p.w. Corrections but no duties. Small divs. about £8 p.w. Box 4750.

A JEWISH Welfare Organisation requires the services of an assistant secretary (male). Applications in strictest confidence. Box 4856.

MALE secretary receptionist required for Servicemen's Club. Open during day time only. Military experience. Ability to organise and good appearance essential. Aged between 35-45. Box 4842.

SENIOR Typist wanted by London Timber Brokers. Able to type French or German, preferably both, from dictaphone. Shorthand not essential. Responsible, progressive position. Nationality immaterial provided perfect knowledge English. Write F. Selby Ltd., 63 Moorgate, E.C.2, or 'phone Monarch 6741.

COMPETENT Shorthand-typist wanted early September, interested in Quaker International Work, prefd young with good training or experience. Apply in writing, to General Secy., Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

PART-TIME Secretary required by author St. John's Wood. 8.30 to 1 p.m. Mons. to Fridays. Shorthand-typing and good English prose style essential. Please write, stating exp., quals. and salary reqd. Box 4773.

PROGRESSIVE Socialist journal requires Clerical and Typing Assistant. Apply, giving experience and two refs. Box 4608.

SHORTHAND copy typists for intng. temp. work. Week/day. Sal. £6 p.w. CHA. 5831.

GIRL Student wanted from July 21 for 6 weeks for general duties. Apply Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent.

BLACKHEATH, professional woman with son (2) needs mother's help, own flat, liberal free time. Box 4462.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG ex-Black Watch captain, A. B. Liberal, Arts Harvard (Hons.), sks. job starting Sept. Kndge. Spanish & American, interests: politics, publicity, anything unorthodox publishing, teaching. Box 4535.

INTERESTING temporary or permanent job, home or abroad, required immediately by Englishwoman (30s), Social Science Graduate, admin. exp. Box 4665.

YOUNG man (25) requires residential secretarial/clerical work with Minister, business prof. gentleman. Exp. Refs. Would also assist in garden if desired. Box 4862.

EXPER. correspdt. translator: Fr., Germ., Ital., some Span., Port., News agcy. training, 5 yrs. manageress scient. periods. Univ. bookseller publ., sks. post Ldn. where initiat., intelligence appreciated. Box 4865.

FIRST-class graduate, female (22), French, Spanish, some German, shorthand, typing, office experience, seeks post offering contact with people and scope for practical ability. Box 321, W. H. Smith & Son, High St., Stratford-on-Avon.

HONOURS graduate (age 26), fluent German & Dutch, translating, teaching, lecturing & journalistic experience desires suitable post from September. Box 4499.

FG. Oft., 23, demob. Sept., B.A. Hons. (Engl.), best refs., lit. ability, highly intellgt., hardworking, sks. interesting work. Anything considered but pref. writing, arts. Willing no salary during training. Box 4550.

QUALIFIED and expd. woman club leader and organiser (28), seeks change. Anglican, interested in people, intelligent, responsible, good sense of humour. Box 4446.

AUSTRALIAN Univ. Graduates, 2 young female grads. req. temp. or part-time work (London). Intd. in any offers. Box 4415.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or 'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

FREELANCE, male, 25, not unsuccessful in literary field but failing to make headway against increased cost of living, requires remunerative part-time employment. Anything legal seriously considered. Box 4514.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DR. C. D. Heath, of Hongkong, regrets that it is impossible to answer individually all the applications for the flat in W.C.1, and begs the persons concerned to accept this apology. The flat is now tenanted.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

BACHELOR flats (men) Muswell Hill. Well equip. & furn. Constt. h.w. Use of frig. 2 room flat 3gns. week. 1 room (avail. July 28) 2gns. Tudor 6384 after 6.

A MOD., well furn. flat, suit yng. bus. couple/friends who appreciate nice surroundings. Wandsworth Common. BAT. 0351.

MAISONETTE, five rms., studio, Kensington. Until Jan. 1953. Semi- or unfurnished. Reasonable. Box 4444.

SOUTH Kensington Service Flat, three rooms & bathroom, immediately available for single man. Substantially unfurnished. Rent incl. service £200 p.a. N. country advertiser retains use of an additional room for own infrequent visits London. Box 4623.

TWO girls req. third immediately, share flat. 6 23 Shepherds Hill, Highgate.

LARGE comfortably furnished room to let in private house in Chelsea. Telephone in room, cooking facilities, sharing bathroom. £2 10s. incl. Heat, light, c.h.w., service. Telephone FLAxman 7951 before 9.30 a.m.

CENTRAL London—double bed-sitting room, C.h.w. Breakfast, dinner, good food. £2 5s. week each. Box 4576.

FURN., W.8. Double divan-sit. room, kit., bath. Tel. 4 6gns. Box 4563.

BED-sit. for girl student in N.W.11, Jewish doctor's home. Breakfast, supper. 50s. Box 4663.

BED-sitting room, gas fire, bath, Clapham South. Ring BAT. 3565.

ATTRACTIVE small furn. rm. Regents Park. Prof. woman, 2gns. p.w. Box 4493.

LADY, single, 40, will let her 2-roomed furn. flat (N.W. London) to similar tenant for period 6 12 months. Rent £2 10s. per week. Box 4839.

TINY furn. s.c. flat, all con. S.W. Lond. avail. Aug. & Sept. Mod. Box 4627.

EARL'S Court. Furn. 4-rm. flat, kit./bthrm. 5 wks. Aug. Sept. 5gns. Box 4495.

CABIN Cruiser. Four Berths. Suitable living on. £475. H.P. terms if reqd. Green, 29 Holmes Rd., Twickenham.

ATTRACTIVE furn. flat, 2 beds., dr. r., rec. r., 15 miles London, £4?/- weekly or near offer. No children. Box 4642.

ROEHAMPTON. Furnished room (attic) and bathroom, cookerette. £2 10s. p.w. Box 4617.

SURREY Hills. Convenient London, lovely country, golf, tennis available. Bed and breakfast, full board week-ends, 4gns. inclusive. Suit business man. Tel. Sanderstead 5505 or write Box 5046.

COASTGUARD cottage at Swanage, Dorset, England, to let furnished October to March. 3 bedrooms, bathroom with electric water heater. Fires all rooms. Ascot water heater over sink. Outside (modern) sanitation. Lovely sea view and small garden to beach. 7 mins. from shops. 3½gns. weekly. Apply Hadley, Durlston Cottage, Swanage.

HAS anyone a period house to sell in London? Freehold or long lease. About 4 bedrooms. A certain amount of renovation not a drawback. Box 4625.

SOCIALIST journalist & wife, both keen Labour Party workers, seek unfurnished accommodation London area. Marginal constituency preferred. Box 4850.

SIX adults wish to rent flat or house in or near London from August 18 for two weeks. Would consider exchange modernised country house. Box 4892.

ANY district suggestions considered. Broadcaster, librarian wife, urgently need 1/2 rms. unfurn., k. & b. or share b. Quiet, friendly, reliable. Box 4498.

TWO ladies would pay conversion part house, long lease, mod. rent. Box 4560.

BACHELOR (27), requires London accommodation, use mostly week-ends. Large bed-sit., or would share flat. Box 4568.

YOUNG couple req. accom. S.W. London. Guarantee no children. Box 4725.

WHOLLY-, partly-, or un-furn. house urgently required. 3 adults 4 children. Country accessible London. Refs. Box 4620.

PERSONAL

HALLIDAY Hall for conferences, parties, overseas visitors, 20 mins. central London. 3 common rooms, conference hall, garden. Accommodates 110 in double and single rooms, private bathrooms and telephones. 15s. bed and breakfast; 18s. dinner, bed and breakfast. Enquiries to the Warden, Halliday Hall, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.

ST. John's Wood. Young American couple visiting England Sept. 7-22, require furn. accom., meals optional. Box 4662.

COUPLE (30s, husband Polish, own job) with two daughters, 7 years, 5 months, willing to take entire charge of house and children, or give secretarial services, in exchange for furn., unfurn. accom. London/near. Willing pay small rent. Box 4805.

THREE-room family caravan, Green Line coach conversion, mains, elec., water, engine. £400 or offer. Box 4797.

FESTIVAL opportunity. Family would exchange nice house Walton-on-Thames for one by sea. 14 days. August. Box 4778.

DO you and your children hate Hotels? I have a beautiful country house, large garden in heart of Shropshire, with riding school nearby, offered you and your children as P.G. in order to help pay school bills. £1 a day adults, children under 14, 12s. 6d. (including meals, service and sitter in. Box 4609.

A.R.I.B.A., Dip., bored neo-classicism, seeks job, design prospects. State salary. Box 4455.

WILL adventurer buy 21-ton 2-berth sloop, perfectly sound for coastal exploration, lying Norfolk. £190. Box 4418.

FOR Sale: 1938 Bedford shooting-brake. Sleep 2. Ideal camping. WIM. 6694.

CARAVAN on Somerset farm. 3½-4gns. Box 4593.

LARGE, attractive, well-equipped caravan, edge New Forest. Small open fireplace, all facilities. Long period let £11 weekly, suitable student or writer. Olive Wilson, Godshill Ridge, nr. Fordingbridge, Hants.

FRENCH girl wishes to stay in England as Mother's Help. Write to Cours Rouget de Lisle 3, Avenue Leon Gourdault, Choisy-le-Roi (Seine), France.

TRANSINTERPRETERS. Translating, interpreting, teaching. European languages. Always at 'phone. TER. 3586.

HIGHLY qualified, experienced teacher, can accept new pupils for private lessons in French and English. Box 4674.

TRAINED Nurse offers hospitality and care for convalescence and to the aged. Lovely house. HAM. 2282.

ARCHITECT (thirties) seeks informal but adult companion for mixed painting trip (new coupé) Brittany 2/3 weeks end of Aug. Box 4960.

PICARDY. Guests welcomed modernised country house, spacious grounds, only 3½ hrs. London. Farm produce. Free garage. £6 6s. Mme. Cloran, Château d'Austruy, Rety, P. de C., France.

CORSICA. The Angle-French Camp de l'Horizon on Calvi Bay is now open. Return air trip (London/Calvi direct) and complete fortnight of sunshine, good food, perfect freedom, for £35 10s. Few vacancies remain for July, end of August, September. Apply at once to Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. City 7163/4.

SPAIN. Costa Brava. Barcelona. 15 days. Sept. 2. Small, mixed, unconventional party escorted not herded. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. MUS. 5395. Mornings only.

SEE Spain. Mr. Newman, the manager of See Spain, Ltd., has recently returned from a tour of Spain and is happy to announce that he has secured additional good accommodation for British holidaymakers. We are now able to offer 15-day holidays in Palma, de Mallorca and Costa Brava from £30 (fully inclusive). There are also a few vacancies for Luxury Coach Tours departing London on Sept. 9 and Oct. 7, and visiting Irun, San Sebastian, Burgos, Madrid, Escurial, Granada, Malaga, Seville, Cordoba, etc. Inclusive price London back to London 46gns. Full details from Dept. N.S., See Spain, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

BARCELONA and Costa Brava, 15 days. Mixed Party more interested in people than fashion leaves Sept. 2. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. MUS. 5395. Mornings only.

PARENTS who would be interested in our residential week-end courses (see these columns weekly) if crèche were provided for children up to 7 years, are invited to write to Secretary, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

WE know that lovely little place you've been thinking about and can arrange a perfect Continental holiday for you. £27 incl. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Russian experienced teacher. Tel. PAD 9610.

PERSONAL—continued

PART ownership available of large Country Guest House near sea. Suit person with capital, either retired or active. Rapidly growing clientele of contented guests makes further building work desirable. Every security. Richard Underwood, "Oakhurst," The Ridge, Hastings.

MODEST accommodation, s.c., r.w., elec./gas, within 3 hrs., London; at 2-3gns. wkly., required till Spring by sociologist (with wife, 2 children) working on materials collected past 2 years in Africa. Urgent! Can you help? Box 5048.

PORTRAITS of Musicians, Authors and others who need photographs for professional use. Specialist in those who have hitherto considered themselves "difficult." John Vickers, 29a Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

CONTINENTAL holidays in September. Swiss mountain resort, Chesières, 16 days incl. £27gns. Also 7 few vacs. with French families on paying guest basis. Details: Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

ZEST for work & pleasure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2832.

MR. J. S. Harrison, L.R.A.M., has vacancies for a few pianoforte pupils. Studios London and Marlow. Parties from Bovingdon Thatch, Marlow, Bucks. Marlow 517.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Furlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (N.S.), 13 Victoria Gate, W.2.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 3561.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

AUGUST holidays: you are still in time to book for one of our informal holidays for professional and university people. August 1, Lake District holidays in Austria; August 10, Walking holiday in the Tyrol; August 11, Four Country coach trip. International Festival of Britain house parties all through August. For details contact Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN 0911.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co. Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

WALKING tours in Europe. Programme from Ramblers' Association, 48 (V) Park Road, N.W.1.

P.S. Harold Ingham feels that satisfactory chewing of present bookings precludes biting off any more. Apart from a few vacancies at Mentone, Bretaye and Venice, shutters are now up for the summer.

P.P.S. But he will be pleased to put you on his mailing list for ski-ing parties this winter and for his 1952 programme. Write to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. Please don't 'phone—always engaged.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

FARRINGFORD is Perfect in Autumn—lovely gardens; the mellow country house hotel for a restful holiday in the lovely Isle of Wight. Licensed. A. & R.A.C. appvd. Details from Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.o.W. 'Phone 312.

BARBOTAN (Gers), Southern France. The Centre for leg ailments—phlebitic, varicose, rheumatic, cellulitic, etc. Spa Offices Tel. 4. Hotel des Thermes Tel 9. Superb cuisine.

HASTINGS 4571. Reputed for congenial guests, with broad outlook, excel. meals, lovely gardens, ideal position. Summer: 4½-6gns. Recom. Labour Party. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

BRIGHTON. Queensbury Private Hotel, Regency Square. 'Phone 235581. Facing West Pier. Good food. Comfort. Personal service. Terms 6-8gns.

I.O.W. Ventnor Esplanade, Pelham Hotel, large balcony rooms facing sea. Apply brochure. 'Phone Ventnor 252. Noted for good cooking. From 5½gns.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex.

YOU must visit Cliftonville's charming Palm Bay Hotel! A few vacancies left during June to September. Facing sea, radio diffusion in every room, television, cocktail bar, and all modern comforts. Write for brochure or telephone Margate 385.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

SIMPLE accommodation with friendly people. Woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks, quiet Pennine valley. From 3gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism), H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh water pool; reduced terms for children. Brochure (stamp), N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Farm produce. Cream. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Golf Rock. Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Port Isaac 234.

CORNWALL, South Coast. Early summer holidays in luxury of Nare Hotel, Veryan. Glorious sands, safe bathing. Children more than welcome. Most generous hospitality, service with a smile. Veryan 279.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Portscatho. Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (Rtd.).

MURLEY Grange, Bishopsteignton, S. Devon. Vacancies still exist September & October. A few corners in July. Lovely situation & grounds above Teign. 15 minutes sea (bus to gates). H. & C., games, music, home produce. Children welcome. Also furnished Cottage from Sept. 30.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking, Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, Via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

STEANBRIDGE, quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley, welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country. Large garden; home-grown produce; garage. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

KENWYN Hotel, Earls Court, 29 West Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5, offers comfortable board residence with special terms for permanent guests, also bed and breakfast. Terms reasonable. Phone Frobisher 1000.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

RURAL Essex. Manor House Hotel and club in own park grounds of 20 acres now open. Fully licensed; every modern comfort. Tennis, squash, swimming, dancing. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, nr. Braintree. Phone Great Bardfield 241.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel, overlooking Bay and 13 miles of coastal scenery. Thoroughly recom. Few vacancies July and Sept. Brochure. Tel. 291.

CRAB and Lobster Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Tel. 161. English and Continental cuisine. Games room. Scheduled as an historical building. Terms: 6gns.-8gns.

LAKE District. Beck Allans, Grasmere, Westmorland. H. & c. all bedrooms. Brochure on request. Proprietors, E. & A. Wild. 'Phone Grasmere 129.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food, soft beds, a warm hotel; radiators, h.w. in every bedrm. Apply Proprietor.

QUIET country holiday 1½ mls. sea. Good food, 6gns. weekly. Personal attention. "The Crown Inn," Westleton, Suffolk.

APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Fishing, golf, lakes. Comfort and good food. A.A., R.A.C. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, guest houses, in Britain's loveliest holiday countries. Post free 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, h. & c. in all bedrooms; every comfort. Terms, 5-7gns. Phone: Hastings 5110.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Mrs. Batten provides good food and a friendly atmosphere. You can golf, walk or be lazy. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

HAPPY, peaceful holidays in Somerset beauty spot. Magnificent walking and motoring centre. Home grown produce, ample meatless meals, wholesome savouries, satisfying salads, at Beaconwood Hotel, Minehead. Sheltered position overlooking bay. Extensive grounds. H. & c., gas fires and rings. 5½-6 gns. May-October; 4½-5 gns. November-April. Resident proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Tyrwhitt. Tel. 32.

BURCOT, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. Two double rooms vacant autumn and winter or permanent. Central heating. Spring interior beds. Faces south. Grounds 4½ acres.

BOURNEMOUTH. Whitehall Hotel. A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Pier Gardens. 57 Bed., H. & C. 'Phones. Lift. Summer terms from 8 to 11gns. Res. Director: N. S. Cleary. Tel. Bournemouth 7155.

LONDON. "West Court." Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

HOLIDAYS that are Different—" Far from the madding crowd " at Felpham, a charming village on the Sussex Coast. Lovely Guest House, in half acre beautiful gardens, catering for Managers, Professions, Business Executives and Administrative Sections. From 7gns. Brochure. "Kenwood," Midway, Felpham 7, Sussex. Bognor Regis 2163.

CHILDREN'S Guest House, for children from 2 to 12 years, family atmosphere, country life, woodland, pony. White, Box Wood, Stevenage, Herts.

SOMERSET country holidays. 4½gns. Good food. Box 4592.

£4 15s.-£5 5s. covers delightful week's holiday in Kentish beauty spot, including swimming, tennis, miniature golf, putting, games, jolly evenings. Excellent food. Cosy chalets. Write to Woodlands Holiday Camp, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 7-8gns. wkly., 6gns. Winter, inclusive. Tel. 1944.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Beautiful grounds (15 acres). Every comfort, H. & C., central heating, excellent cuisine (home produce) and happy atmosphere. Children welc. Early tea, 4 meals, and late tea. 4½-6½gns. Brochure. Tel. Baldslow 0444.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful valley, but close Pont-y-Pant stn. Mountains. Easy access coast. Mod. comf. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwich Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Golf, tennis, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

EDINBURGH. Bed, bfast., attractive rms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

SCHOOLS

THE Chelsea Froebel School. Recognised by the Ministry of Education. Entire staff fully qualified Froebel teachers. Pre-preparatory school for children aged 4-9 years. 8 Elm Park Rd., Chelsea, S.W.3. (Flas. 9247.) Principal: Lady Edwards (H.N.F.C., Teacher's Certificate).

KENSINGTON. Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 9 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B. Sc.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls(4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PAGES School, Heathfield, Sussex. Co-educational. All ages. Exams., boarding.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 3ft. 4in. Boys Ave. Hampstead. Boarding School: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Realistic, modern approach. Boys & Girls, 5-18. Swimming, Riding. H. & B. Paul. Ph.D.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Bursaries are available for boys and girls aged 10 or under, for the Autumn term 1951. For particulars apply to the Principal.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Daily Telegraph, twelve-year collection; Modern Paintings, Vaughan, Minton, etc., reasonable prices (owner going abroad); "1,001 Nights," 8 vols., £25; "Sittengeschichte," Paris, Berlin, Proletarians, etc., 6 vols., £15; Encyclopædia Britannica, Grand, model B, 6ft 10in, No. 96161, magnificent tone throughout range, excellent condition, Rosewood case; Fuchs "Sittengeschichte," 6 vols., £17; Russian Linguaphone, unused, offers?; Typewriter, noiseless portable Underwood, perfect condition, £24; Typewriter, standard 4-bank.

WANTED: Sets, Horizon, Mee's "I See All"; Cambridge Histories; Punt pole, good condition; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evs. (ex. Mn.), 7. St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Poor Judas." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Cradle Will Rock," satirical musical play by Marc Blitzstein. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. only.

EMBASSY. PRL. 2211. 7.45 (exc. Mon.). Th. 2.30, Sat. 4.45. Sun. club 7.45. 2 wks. British Dance Theatre. Also 1st London showing of oil paintings by Eve Lomax.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. July 22, 7.30. Les Amoureux Sont Seuls au Monde (A).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until July 22 Laurence Olivier in Hitchcock's "Rebecca" (A). From July 23 "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (A).

SCHUBERT'S "Die Schöne Müllerin," sung by Bruce Boyce: Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Sat., July 28, 8. Tkts. 5s. J. Valentine, Nine Elms, Jordans, Bucks. Trains Marylebone.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League invites you to a Grand Summer Dance at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. 7.30-11.30 p.m., Sat. July 21. Programme includes dances by the Woolwich Juvenile Scottish Group. Ted Macy Band. Members 3s. 6d. Guests 4s. 6d. incl. refs. Progressive Tourists specially invited.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Saturday, 21st, at 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d.

TALIESIN PMG: summer guest meeting. Patricia Hutchins on Joyce; W. R. Rodgers; critical discussion of poetry. Visitors may bring one guest free. Friends Hse., Euston Rd., July 24, 6.20. (Recess until Sept. 18.)

RELIGIOUS DRAMA

CHRISTOPHER Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," at present touring Festival Centres, returns St. Thomas' Church, Regent St., July 31, 8.30 p.m. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Bkg. Church. REG. 1223.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. The full range of Ganymed Reproductions is on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). 9-6 and Saturday mornings.

TRADITIONAL Art from the Colonies. Colonial Office Festival Exhibition, Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Until September 30. Admission free.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Also flower paintings by Honor Sterndale-Bennett. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

TEMPERA Paintings by William Blake, an exhibition arranged in conjunction with The William Blake Trust. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 21. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., 6 Old Bond St., W.1. Sickert—Forty of his finest paintings. Dly. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

SICKERT Exhibition. South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6, Sats. 10-5. Free.

ROBERT Adams: Recent Sculpture and Paintings. At Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1.

EXHIBITION of British Silverwork, including ceremonial plate, by contemporary craftsmen. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until August 31. 10.30 to 4.0 daily, except Sundays. Admn. 1s.

BRITISH Painting 1925-50 (Second Anthology), New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till July 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

SIXTY Paintings for '51. An Arts Council Exhibition of Contemporary Works specially painted for the Festival. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Open till July 31. Weekdays 10-5, inc. Sats. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition. English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Recent Paintings by Graham Sutherland. Week-days 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

TWENTY Brook Street. Mon.-Fri., 10-6. New Paintings by John Christoforou.

POLAND'S YOUTH. Attractive new Exhibition from Poland will be opened by Mr. Jack Jones at Polish Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1, July 27, at 8 p.m. All welcome.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

A.I.A. 1951 Lithographs, 28in × 18in, by contemporary artists inc. Vaughan, Rothenstein, Trevelyan, Uhlman, etc., at A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Open daily 11-6.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. School of Paris. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, W.14. Paintings by Valdemars Tone. July 10-August 4. Wkdays. 10-5. Sats. 10-1. Sat., July 28, 10-7.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Maurice Utrillo—20 paintings. Opening July 25.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

HOGARTH. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Weekdays 10-6. Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITAIN-China Friendship Assocn. Film Shows and Meetings, Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. Spkr.: Miss Betty England. Hammersmith Town Hall, W.6. Spkr.: Dr. Rapoport. "Daughters of China" will be shown at both mtgs. Thurs. 2s. (Speakers just returned from China). Both mtgs. Tues., July 24, 7.30 p.m. Apply for tkts. now: BCFA, 17, Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2.

"ASIAN Peace" South-East Asia Committee Conference, Sunday, July 22, 10.30-5 p.m., 12 Gt. Newport St. Public meeting 7 p.m., Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Spkrs. incl. Mrs. Monica Felton.

A LONDON Conference on the need for Legal Advice Centres sponsored by London Poor Man's Lawyer organizations, will be held on Saturday, July 28, at 2.30 p.m. Chairman: Professor L. C. B. Gower, P.M.L. spkrs. Particulars and tickets 1s. from Stuart Shields, 10 Kings Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4.

"ASIA Reshapes the World," by Andrew Roth, four years roving Asian correspondent for "The Nation" (New York). Chairman: Lady Hilda Selwyn-Clarke. Mon., July 23, 7.30. Asian Institute, 17 Irving St. (Leicester Sq.). 2s. First of eight.

PROTEST: Troops in Antigua, B.W.I. Trade Union intimidation. Speakers: Reginald Bridgeman, C.M.G., M.V.O., and colonial representatives. Sun., July 22, 3.30 p.m. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road; Caribbean Labour Congress, L.B.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., July 25 at 7.30 p.m. at N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Emergence of India as Asia." Speaker, Venkanta Subbiah (Indian journalist). Adm. 1s. 6d.

CANON Adam Fox on "English Divinity as Literature," Sat., July 21, at 3 p.m. Peter Fleming reading his own work, Tues., July 24, at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

NOW'S The Time To Stop War. Come to Trafalgar Sq., Sun., July 22, 3 p.m. Emrys Hughes, M.P., Victor Yates, M.P., Alex Comfort, Ph.D., Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison. Organized by the Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. July 22: Overcoming Karma.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. July 22: S. K. Ratcliffe, "English Life and Leisure." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcome.

"THE Press and Peace." Lecture by Gordon Schaffer, on Thursday, July 26, at 8 p.m. Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 28 at 6 p.m. Señor A. Aznar: "Calderon de la Barca."

HEAR Women back from Children's Day Celebrations in Hungary: Monday, July 23, 7.30 p.m., Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Tickets 6d. at door.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m., July 24: "What is Vedanta?" All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public lecture, Wed., July 25, 6.30. "A Simple Concept of Buddhism." H.S.H. Prince Subha Svasti.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "This Christian Country." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, July 22, at 11 a.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ISOBEL Cripps Centre. Ten-day Introductory Courses for School Teachers on "Reducing Excessive Tension by Re-educating Posture and Movement" will be held from Aug. 13th and from Aug. 27th. Fee £5 5s. Particulars, 18 Lansdowne Rd., London, W.11. Park 7222.

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1, MAYfair 6626, provides Training for High Grade Secretarial Posts.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W.1. Department of Management Studies. Full-time day courses: 1. A one-year course for the Intermediate Certificate in Management Studies, leading to the Final examinations of all the professional Management bodies. 2. One-month course in Industrial Relations and Productivity. Session 1951-52 commences on Tuesday, September 18. Part-time day courses: 1. Courses for Office Supervisors, on one half-day a week. 2. Courses for Foremen and Supervisors, on one half-day a fortnight. 3. Courses on Work Simplification in the Office, on one half-day a fortnight. 4. Courses on Report Writing on one half-day a fortnight. The above courses extend over a session of three terms. New courses begin each term. Session 1951-52 commences on Monday, September 24. Evening courses: 1. The Intermediate Certificate in Management Studies. There is also a shortened part-time day and evening course. 2. The Diploma in Management Studies, and the Final examinations of the Institute of Industrial Administration, the Institution of Works Managers, the Institute of Personnel Management, the Office Management Association, the Purchasing Officers' Association. Session 1951-52 commences on Monday, September 24. New evening students will be enrolled on September 17 at 6.0 p.m. Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

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A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Prin. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools: Glyn House, Broadstairs—Aug. 18-25, Foreign Policy, Director: John Hare, M.P. Speakers: Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P., Maurice Edelman, M.P., Rita Hinden, A. M. F. Palmer, J. Mendelson. Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey—Aug. 18-25, "New Paths in Labour Thinking." Director: John Parker, M.P. Enquiries, applications, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SUMMER Film School at Bangor. The eighth Summer Film School of the British Film Institute will be held from August 7-21 at the University College of North Wales. Excellent accommodation in single rooms (running h. & c. water). A Thorough and comprehensive course of lectures (mornings) by leading film technicians and critics; afternoons and Sundays free (film programmes). Every week three-hour film programme of classics from collection in the National Film Library each evening. Film production. Inclusive fee for tuition, fortnight's board and accommodation, £13 13s. The Course is recognized for grant purposes by the Ministry of Education. Enquiries to Course Secretary, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.C.1. Temple Bar 1642.

W.M.A. Holiday Music School, Shrewsbury, Aug. 18-Sept. 9, includes special Guitar Course with Bob Claiborne, renowned American folk-singer. Moderate terms. S.A.E. for prospectus from W.M.A., 17 Bishops Bridge Road, London W.2.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. 3 Summer Schools in Pottery, Weaving and other crafts. July 22-Aug. 4; Aug. 5-18; Aug. 19-Sept. 1. Details from Principal.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8933.

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses; also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder, "Remaking Bedding," Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

STORY'S of Kensington announce a very interesting importation of hooked Chinese Carpets in really beautiful colours. Sizes from 4ft. 6in. × 2ft. 6in. to 10ft. 9in. × 9ft. Prices from £5 6s. 6d. to £44 16s. Also Baluchistan hand-made rugs and carpets in the typical oriental designs and colours. Prices from £8 8s. A worthwhile opportunity whilst stocks last. Story's, 49 Kensington High St., London, W.8.

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CHILDREN'S Clothes: The Good-As-New Shop, 81 Lower Sloane Street, London, S.W.1. Sloane 4637, buy and sell outgrown clothes for all children up to 15 years of age. No on approval service.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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THE year's most controversial novel is Julien Gracq's "A Dark Stranger," a French writer whom critics compared with Proust, Edgar Allan Poe and Henry James. 11s. from Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7, or any bookshop.

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